The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 155. WEEK ENDING OCT. 21ST, 1911. ONE PENNY.

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DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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Remington typewriter for sale, in good condition; accept 30s., quick sale.—Apply, Thomas, c.o. "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

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19S. 6D.—Gent.'s superior £4 15s. tailor-made Indigo Blue Serge Jacket Suit by West-End tailor; smart, stylish cut and finish; 38in. breast, 36in. waist, 32in. leg; scarcely worn; great bargain, 19s. 6d. Approval.

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29S. 6D.—Magnificent £6 8s. Double Breech-loader Gun, 12-bore, top lever, proof-tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire, perfect condition; sacrifice, 29s. 6d. Approval willingly.

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The Modern Man

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CHEEK.

Things the Turks Have No Stomach For.—No. I.:—A casus belli.

* * *

"I learn that a serious movement is on foot to form a Society of Women Musicians." With the object, I shrewdly suspect, of making errant husbands face the music.

* * *

"What a lot of cocoa is being sold just now!" mused dear old Mrs. Footler over her morning paper. "Sandow has just started a new kind, and now Miss Lillah McCarthy is presenting 'Rococo' at the Little Theatre!"

* * *

A new book is called "Suffragette Sally." Mrs. Pankhurst is understood to have remarked, "We must have 'Suffragette Sally' in our Rally."

* * *

A strike of London laundrywomen is threatened. A nasty unsympathetic punster says that they should be collared and cuffed.

* * *

A weekly paper exposes the growing menace of "Women and Drink." I seem to have heard a warning against women and wine somewhere before.

* * *

"The Curse of the Money-Lender" is the title of an article in a contemporary. It deals, I doubt not, with that unfortunate gentleman's explosive "Accha Nebbish!" to which he gives vent when he has not been paid.

* * *

That correspondent who wrote to complain of the "Chestnut Fever" referred to urchins who despoiled the chestnut trees and not to the jokes retailed just now by the periodical Press and comedians generally.

* * *

A fastidious playgoer says he is a little afraid to go and see "The Spring Maid" at the Whitney Theatre for fear she may prove to be a female bounder.

* * *

An individual who was charged with persistently molesting a young woman at Wanstead was bound over by the magistrate at Stratford to keep the peace. Which?

* * *

Says a writer who, of course, knows, "The great agony of life is not a material thing." "Stuff!" ejaculated a dyspeptic reader.

* * *

A notice runs, "Prebendary Carlile invites his congregation to bring some apples or flowers, which he will send to feed the destitute in the Church Army Labour Homes." I suppose he wants some flowers to make an apple-pudding.

* * *

Racing Note:—Mr. A. Belmont's Toggery may be relied upon to provide some clothes—I mean close—finishes.

J. S. Cox.

CURRENT BOXING.

NOTES AND NEWS FROM THE RINGSIDE.

Now that black v. white contests are for ever barred in this country—thus depriving us from witnessing "class" heavyweight contests (for just now niggers certainly top the tree), the most talked of match is the one that takes place next Wednesday, October 18, between Bombardier Wells and Gunner Moir. The latter gained what was considered a "fluky" victory over Wells at Olympia last January, and has expressed his confidence of repeating it. In this case the purse is to be divided, the winner to take the lion's share.

Good luck to that game fighter Joe Bowker, who, according to latest advices, is training systematically for any fights he can get this season. We haven't heard of any fixtures just yet; but are confident that when they come along Joe will show that though he is not so young as he was, he's a good 'un still.

When the Wells-Johnson contest was declared off, there was some idea of Johnson's place being taken by the Colonial heavy-weight, Fred Storbeck, and it is stated that Mr. James White actually made an offer for Storbeck to box Wells on the great night; but it was not big enough to suit Mr. Wilkinson, who manages Fred's business for him. By the way it is remarkable how Storbeck has come on in physique during the last two or three months.

Yorkshire pitmen must be a sporting lot, for they possess an 11st. champion all to themselves, in the person of Young Stokes of Rotherham, who, by the way, is desirous of meeting any genuine pitman in England at 10st. 10lb. or the middle-weight limit, for any sum between £5 and £25 aside. He is a well-built, muscular chap, who knows how to hit.

An interesting match has been arranged in Manchester between old Harry Ware, the one-time bantam-weight-champion, and Teddy McGuinness, a young and hefty market lad. It will be more or less a fight between science and brawn. Which will win? Well, what was that remark Mr. Asquith made some time ago?

"STRAIGHT LEFT."

"SWIMMING THE WORM."

AN INTERESTING WAY OF TAKING GRAYLING.

The grayling is a very sporting game-fish which may be taken from the middle of July to the middle of February—though some anglers prefer to make the limit from August 1st to New Year's Day. Consequently, we are now well on into the season.

The chief English streams for grayling are the Test, the Itchen (below Winchester), the Wiltshire Avon, the Dove, the Derwent, the Wye and Manifold (Derbyshire), and the higher waters of the Trent. Grayling are being experimented with in the Thames, the Lea, and the Colne. The Clyde, Ayr, Tweed, and Tay are favourite Scottish grayling waters.

A very successful method of taking grayling, but one which is sometimes sneered at by hypercritical fly-fishers, is known as "swimming the worm."

Use a rod slightly stiffer than usual, with a short collar of drawn gut, and a fine, freely-running line, which should have a little—very little—pear-shaped float about a yard from the hook.

The latter should be baited with a small *red* worm.

Grayling generally lie in shoals on the gentle declivity of a strongish stream, in about four or five feet of water. So you prowl along the stream, letting your bait trail submerged about three feet over the unsuspecting noses of the fish. They bite very gently, so you should strike even at the slightest inclination of your float. This, at any rate, is when the worm is trailing near the bottom and the fish swallows it without moving.

The float will often disappear, however, when it is being dragged along fairly high over the grayling's head, for if the fish is hungry, he will dash at the bait and drag the float under in his impetus.

By the way, so sharp is a grayling's sight, and of such unique construction are his fins and air-bladder, that he can rise almost straight up to secure a passing fly or worm from as great a depth as five or six feet.

LOOKING AFTER A MOTOR-CAR

TREATED FROM THE CHAUFFEUR'S POINT OF VIEW.

The old hand in the motor-business takes as much pride in his car as the typical horseman has for his mount, and he lavishes just as much attention on it. One of the chief criterions of a good chauffeur is a smart, well-kept and noiselessly-running car.

Here are some hints which can hardly fail to be serviceable to young drivers—especialy those who are starting in the service of a private employer.

Have a definite job for every time of the day—in so far as it is possible. Have a time for lubricating, another for washing, another for testing, and so on. Of course, the chauffeur is hardly ever able to lay down a definite time-table, because his master will often want him at widely varying hours; but in the ordinary way he should adhere to these rules.

REMOVE THE MUD AT ONCE.

If you have taken the car out on a muddy day, and have brought it back fairly late, start washing off the mud at once. Otherwise it will dry right into the varnish, and however much you may scrub at it afterwards, patches of faintly discernible mud will mar the appearance of your car. If you are home early enough to do the whole job by daylight, do so by all means, for you will thus lighten your work next morning; but if it is late, be contented with just getting the mud off, for you cannot polish a car satisfactorily by artificial light.

You will be well advised to rise at 7.30 in the morning, and having breakfasted by about eight, set to work on your car at once. The first thing to do is to wash it. I am presuming that, as I have advised above, you got the mud off overnight, so you may now put the finishing touches with sponge, hose, and leather.

HOW TO GET A GOOD RESULT.

First of all you hold the hose in the left hand and the sponge in your right, playing plenty of water on the car with the one until clean, and then sponging down with the other, to prevent any grit from scratching the varnish. Then you should dry it.

"Leather off" the wet with your leather, and even when it is dry, keep on rubbing to get a polish on the paintwork. Then clean the brass parts with metal polish. This business should be over by about 10 a.m.

Next look round the lubricators. The small ones should be served with the oil-can; but the big ones should be attended to in this way:

Unscrew all the caps and flush them with grease, or thick oil (some owners prefer it). Now screw them on again tightly, so as to press the grease or oil well into the lubricator so as to reach the frictional parts. Do not forget your engine.

CLEANING THE SMALL PARTS.

This should keep you busy until about eleven; and then if the car is not wanted, seize the opportunity to take out some little part and clean it. There are so many that a chauffeur hardly ever has time to clean them all at once.

If the car is not going to be taken out that day, you will not need to wash it again next morning; only remember to cover it over with a waterproof, otherwise dust will settle on it.

Finally, careful driving is essential to the welfare of a car. Say, for instance, that you have been tearing along a road and suddenly catch up a vehicle in front of you. Your car is still in drive, and you have to apply the brake with a jerk. This jars every delicate part, and may possibly put more than one out of gear.

The careful driver when he sees a vehicle ahead, will use his judgment so as to de-clutch his engine at the proper moment, so that the car simply moves by its own impetus. Then he can pass the other car when the time comes.

SIDNEY J. HARLEY.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE LAWS.

Since last season there have been some important alterations in the Laws of the Scottish Football League.

First and foremost, no player may now receive more than £6 a week, including all bonuses or other remuneration of any kind, except by special permission of a sub-committee of the League.

Then in the case of an amateur signing a League form for a professional club, he is now bound to the club for which he signs for the entire season, and cannot be transferred except by permission of his club or of the League Committee.

COLD WEATHER SPORTING DRINKS.

The fisherman or the golfer on a very cold day will often make a grave mistake—he will indulge in a hot whisky or some other steaming beverage in the middle of his sport. Any doctor will tell you that your body will lose far more heat than it gains a few minutes after such a drink.

A good warming drink, which is, however, apt to lie rather heavily on some men's stomachs, is old Burton ale. It can be relied upon to keep the heat of the body up for several hours.

THURSDAY CLUBS.

The great prevalence of Thursday clubs makes one ask oneself the question: Do they overdo it?

It must be remembered that the Thursday footballer is invariably a shop assistant in some district where shops remain open till close on midnight or even later on Saturday, and who has to work until seven o'clock or later on other days. On Thursday, too, he works till one or two in the afternoon.

Then he bolts a hasty meal, and at once dashes off, without leaving time for digestion, to the field, where he plays strenuously for an hour and a half.

We ask again: Does he overdo it?

THE CREAKING GATE.

It is a necessary practice to go through one's house and garden now and then having a look at, or rather listening to, the hinges of doors and gates. There are few more annoying things than stiff or creaking hinges.

The man who occupies a front room of a house, to which many tradesmen, hawkers, and others, come at frequent intervals, finds it almost impossible to settle to any work, whether it be writing, reading, or manual labour. The constant squeak of the gate causes one to look up every time, and is a great distracter of attention from the matter in hand.

Similarly, a creaking door is annoying.

From the visitors' point of view, a stiff knocker is an abomination. It is mortifying to attempt a smart "rat-a-tat" and to succeed only in giving a muffled single thump because the knocker is stiff.

These little matters should be periodically attended to, and now, after the heat has dried up oil and filled hinges with dust, is a good time to see to them.

BLACK MANGE.

Black mange is not so common as ordinary mange, but for some reason or another Irish terriers are peculiarly liable to it. It gets its name from the fact that the affected parts turn black.

It is very difficult to cure, and many a fancier would advise you to have the sufferer destroyed.

If you decide, however, to give him a chance, shave off the hair round the affected parts, wash with liquid ammonia and tepid water, and then dress with the following lotion, recommended by the famous vet., Mr. Barton, in his book, "Our Dogs":

Liquor Soda B.P.	2 ounces.
Creosote	½ ounce.
Ointment of Oleate of Mercury	1½ ounces.
Almond Oil	4 ounces.

The mercury ointment should be rubbed down with the oil, the creosote added to the soda, and the whole then mixed.

Apply daily, rubbing well in with the fingers. A cure, however, is a matter of months.

SENSATIONAL EXPOSURE OF THE R.S.P.C.A.

ONE MAN WINS OVER 150 CASES AGAINST THE SOCIETY!

Some time ago we printed in these pages an article entitled "The Tyranny of the R.S.P.C.A.," in which the contributor showed how the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals abuses the confidence reposed in it by the tender-hearted people who contribute to its funds. Since the publication of that article we have received communications from many people who have had dealings with this society, and we have taken steps to verify the truth of the statements made to us.

One horse-dealer who communicated with us, whom we have subsequently seen, and from whom we have received confirmatory documents, has won over 150 cases against the R.S.P.C.A., and, in many instances, has been awarded costs.

The question at once arises: Why should the R.S.P.C.A. have wasted the money entrusted to them by bringing these 150 groundless charges?

SQUANDERING MONEY ON LITIGATION.

It was not to have money uselessly squandered in the law courts that lovers of the animals contributed to the funds of the society. They intended their donations to be spent in the alleviation of animal suffering. What atom of good has been done to the animal world by the heavy expenses involved in these 150 cases?

Be it remembered, this does not by any means include the whole of the unsuccessful charges brought by the R.S.P.C.A. We are citing the experience of only one man. Many others have been almost equally successful against the baseless charges of this society. Here is the sort of paragraph that one constantly comes across in country newspapers.

We take it from the "Surrey Advertiser."

"R.S.P.C.A. PROSECUTION FAILS. Henry Barnes Hunt and John Rowbotham, both of Oxford House, Hazlitt Road, West Kensington, were summoned at the instance of the R.S.P.C.A. for causing a horse to be ill-treated at Stanwell on July 16. Mr. Stuart Bevan appeared for the society, Mr. Walter Stewart for Hunt, and Mr. Lorr Williams for Rowbotham. The case against Hunt was proceeded with first. Without calling upon Mr. Stewart, the bench dismissed the summons; whereupon the summons against Rowbotham, a clerk in the employ of Hunt, was withdrawn."

WHAT IS CRUELTY?

The details of that case are not given, but it was so lamentably weak that counsel for the defendants was not even called upon to state his case. Yet the society went to the expense of having their officials and a barrister to prosecute.

It should be remembered, however, that the society is not always so unsuccessful in its prosecutions. Frequently it succeeds in obtaining a conviction; and in nearly every instance, such a conviction is secured because both magistrate and defendant are ignorant of the law relating to cruelty to animals. Such ignorance is not shared by the officials of the R.S.P.C.A. They are well acquainted with the fact that if a man permits an animal to suffer through ignorance or carelessness he is not liable to a penalty, for, to prove a case of cruelty, it is necessary to prove knowledge of wilful neglect on the part of the defendant.

CONCEALING THE LAW.

Country magistrates do not, as a rule, know this point of law, and the defendant, therefore, can scarcely be expected to do so. Ninety per cent. of the cases brought by the R.S.P.C.A. would collapse if this point of law were raised, but it is never raised by the officials of the R.S.P.C.A., who frequently are the only people in court aware of it.

We may therefore say, without exaggeration, that in the vast majority of cases the officials of the R.S.P.C.A. use every endeavour to secure convictions through a misunderstanding of the law on the part of the magistrates. They conceal this point, of which they themselves are well aware. Again, we may ask whether the subscribers to the funds are aware that their money is being used, in many cases, to secure convictions which are not in accordance with the law of the country?

Another point is this. We are informed that it is the custom for the society to hand over to the local police funds any costs or other money which may be awarded to them as a result of a conviction. What right have they to do this?

Their duty is to spend all the money entrusted to them upon the alleviation of animal suffering. Any money which may become theirs as a result of a successful prosecution should be devoted in some way to the cause of animals.

We do not suggest that they make this gift to the police funds in order to secure police support, but we do suggest that they have no right to make such a present.

CORRUPT OFFICIALS.

Much evidence of malpractices on the part of officials of the R.S.P.C.A. have been brought to our notice. One farmer informs us that the R.S.P.C.A. official in his locality came to him with the following proposal: "I suppose you could do with a few horses in your meadow, at 5s. a week? I can easily manage it for you, as I have done for others. There are always a lot of horses that we run in that have nothing the matter with them. We tell the owner that we won't prosecute if he will give the horse a few weeks' rest, and we tell him to take it to one of the farms on our list. We can easily send a few to you."

This farmer, however, never received any horses from that official, probably because, as he says, he did not see fit to make it worth his while.

It is useless, however, to enumerate further instances of corruption among the officials of the society, for the society would deny its responsibility for its servants.

Cases such as we have cited could be continued to fill many pages of this paper, but we have said enough to show the state of the R.S.P.C.A.

JUSTIFYING ITS EXISTENCE.

The R.S.P.C.A., owing to the funds entrusted to it, is an extremely wealthy organisation. It must do something to justify its existence and to keep its name before the public, and therefore it engages in such groundless charges as those we have cited.

All this litigation does nothing whatsoever to alleviate animal suffering, and while the R.S.P.C.A. is wasting the money of the charitable in this direction, Our Dumb Friends' League is working quietly, not in the law courts, but on the streets and roads to ease the burden of horses.

We have already shown how this League maintains trace-horses at various steep hills for the free use of any carter whose own beast may require assistance up the hill.

Other instances of the usefulness of Our Dumb Friends' League have come to our notice during our investigations. In one case, a man's horse fell and cut itself so badly that he was afraid he would have to get it shot. Our Dumb Friends' League was communicated with, promptly sent an ambulance from London, took away the horse to one of their own farms, where they nursed it for several months, and returned it well and strong to its owner, who would otherwise have suffered a severe loss, for he was a poor man.

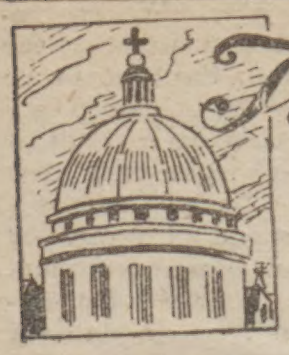
They did not charge him a penny-piece. Our Dumb Friends' League is doing work which is appreciated by all lovers of horses, and those who have hitherto contributed to the R.S.P.C.A. should, in future, give their donations to Our Dumb Friends' League, for they can do so with a confidence that the money will be used in the way they intend it, and will not be wasted in such litigation as we have exposed.

TURF OR CINDER TRACKS?

The athlete who is outside the charmed circle of professional or University athletics will probably not be over-interested in the question whether turf tracks are superior to cinder paths, and vice-versâ, for the reason that he will probably have no opportunity to use any other than turf.

The advantage of a cinder track is that as it is not so slippery, shorter spikes are required, and a shade shorter times are done; but there are a great many first-class runners who deny the superiority of cinder tracks over well-mown turf, which is undoubtedly more grateful to the feet.

Perhaps the question may be settled by declaring in favour of cinder tracks for sprints, and of turf for longer distance races.



Two Hundred Pounds

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By SIDNEY NORTH.

Two hundred pounds! This was the amount the gentleman in the bowler hat, and the black clothes, and the boots you could see your face in, had brought to old Richard Braight, who worked at Lecky, the cobbler's.

Year in year out, for a pound a week, he had sewn and hammered, and waxed for the nobility, gentry, farmers, tradespeople, and labouring classes.

Lecky had always a rough edge to his tongue. When the apprentice became an adept at the art of "saucing of him back," he had turned to curse his old workman.

Now, there is a neighbouring village to Kingshorton, which is without its fully qualified cobbler. For a long time Richard Braight had had his eye on a little shop there. But family expenses were too great a drain on his purse to allow of putting money by and thus raising the necessary capital to start.

And now it had come to him—this two hundred pounds, which was enough to start four such shops as he could require.

It had come. . . . That same evening old Richard looked at the autumn sun sinking over the home-fields. There was the pinch of approaching cold in the air, the suggestion that the winter of the village's discontent was not far off.

On the morrow he would be able to give notice to Lecky, to speak to him with some mead of equality at last, even sketch out his plans.

"But not tu far," said the cautious head of Dick Braight. "You must not let ev'rabody be as wise as y'rself."

Ay, on the morrow. . . . He felt the chill of winter and closed the door. There was no heat in the sun now.

Never a deep thinker, it was strange that a certain clarity affected his reasoning. Perhaps it was the superiority of the point of view that two hundred pounds gave that made him see more in that autumnal sunset than the mere close of the day. No heat in the sun—the approaching pinch of winter apparent in the air.

"I be gettin' old, and the cold be gettin' into my bones," he said. "It's come too late."

They thumped him on the back at this suggestion in the Queen's Head Inn. Who ever in the vicinity of Kingshorton dared to think of retiring before ninety and dying before a hundred?

"The Lord, he have bin good tu us, Betsy," he said to his wife. "He ha' give us two sons, an' I ha' been able to bring them up. Him that died, poor feller, we buried respectable."

He nodded with some satisfaction over that. Kingshorton, he knew, could never say that funeral had not been carried out in proper style.

"Him that lived is the sort that have people saying 'sir' to him in Lunnon. I shall ask him to come down an' stay with us a bit, an' bring one of his friends. He can't be ashamed of a master-tradesman for a father.

"'Richard Braight, Boot and Shoe Maker, Netherden. Repairs executed neatly and with dispatch.' That's what I shall have on the tickets. And I shall buy two benches, and, like as not, take on our young apprentice as a man. Reckon Lecky'll be pleased to get rid on him. Never knew 'ow to treat a man as a man, Lecky didn't.

"As time goes on, wife, I may be able to have a man. There's a lot o' gentry around, an' there's none that can say but what I knows my work *and* my betters. That's on the way to gettin' the good class trade."

"I can see you'll be buyin' of a chair for me, Dick," his wife smiled, "and a goin'-to-church bonnet and dress."

"Ay, as time goes on. We must go careful-like at first, careful-like, and then when we ha' got the house lookin' well, we'll write for our son.

"You're not thinkin' he'll be ashamed on us, Betsy? It be a long time since he dropped us a line. The old Squire, who allus thought him a bright lad and got him the job in London—'cause he said as how you were always the bonniest girl in the village, wife—often asks me about him, and I ha' to say as he's writ an' said, 'Give my bes' respects to the Squire when he passes the shop.'

"D'yer think he's forgettin' all us in Kingshorton? D'yer think he's shy like o' bringin' 'is friends or showin' himself in such a poor place?"

There was the sound of the wheels of a gig outside.

"The Squire!" said old Richard Braight. "Now, what can he be wantin' here?"

The next minute the old man had taken, with happiness showing in his eyes, a letter from the Squire's hand. It was in the writing of his son.

He would have called out to his wife in the back parlour, but the Squire stopped his mouth.

"I'll get my glasses, sir," he said, perturbed.

The Squire looked at him.

"If I didn't know you were a strong and goodly man, Braight," he said, "I doubt if I would show you this letter."

The old man set down the candle and read the letter from his son.

"I have not such a sum to spare at my command," the Squire put in. "I came to you because he asked me to tell you first. It will be in all the papers the day after tomorrow, if the money cannot be raised. You know how money is tied up in the land now."

The old man's head dropped on his hand.

"Just two hundred pounds," he said slowly. "Just two hundred pounds. I have that amount of money, Squire. . . . I had been so prideful as to think of opening on my own at Netherden. But it's plain what He put it in the mind o' my brother to will it to me for. . . ."

"Personally," said the Squire, "I should let the young fool go through it—after the chances he's been given, too.

"Ah, but it's plain why it was give to me—very plain."

The next morning he picked up his basket.

"I'll be getting along to work, mother," he said.

And there was no weariness in his voice.

LONDON CAMEOS.

V. TRAFFIC.

Lights; gaiety; people. In the streets, in theatres, in music-halls.

Particularly here, in the promenade of a famous music-hall, where the congestion of human beings is so great that movement about is difficult.

Women in preponderance. Bold-eyed, red-lipped, flaunting. Most palpably trafficking.

Scarcely can one hear the "popular comedian" on the stage. He is making the audience laugh. But this is not the audience—this is the place where trade is done.

Tin laughter, brass voices, alloyed whispers. Combining to fill the air with false, inharmonic sounds.

Wonderful the strange admixture of *ennui* and alertness in the women. They none of them have youth. All are old, even the youngest. A hard, counterfeit glitter has replaced the clear brightness of innocence.

Eyes flash to eyes. A meaning smile accompanies the inviting glance. There is something incredibly worthless in this bold, open trafficking.

A youth moves through the throng, a young man tasting the early flavours of dissipation. He is good-looking in a somewhat brainless way.

He pauses at the stairs, and a smile attracts him. He addresses the owner of the smile.

One has a last view of him. Head bent, her arm prisoned in his hold, talking close to her face. She is smiling metallically, with flattering attention, and a swift calculating survey of him when his gaze momentarily wanders.

The traffickers in sin.

One wonders, in a moment of perverse speculation, what she was like when she was a little child—and what the hopes of the mother were of this man who is her son.

G.

RATTING IN A SPORTING WAY

THE THINGS YOU NEED: A TERRIER, A FERRET, AND NO STICK.

The sudden cold of autumn has driven all the brown rats that have spent the summer in the open, back to the warm shelter of barn and stable, outhouse and rickyard. Ever since the early spring they have been living in the hedges and banks of ditches, roaming the fields in search of birds' eggs and beetles, feeding on fish-spawn in the runners, and breeding and bringing up young families. The warm weather has been so prolonged and the rat is so fecund, that after a summer like that just over the rat hosts must have increased enormously.

Consequently the problem set the farmer and the country householder during the coming months is rather a serious one. If the winter, as is predicted, should turn out a severe one, rats will do an immense amount of damage to the cereals that have been gathered in such abundance in nearly every part of the country.

THE SAFEST WAY.

Now is the time to tackle this problem, before the damage is done, and before the rats have had time to settle into winter quarters and make fresh runs in the barns and stables, or open out those that have been stopped since the spring migration into the open.

There is only one sporting way of killing rats, and that is to ferret them out of their refuges and let the terriers catch them as they race for some fresh place of safety. Poison should never be employed, partly because it is a menace to the lives of domestic animals—dogs, cats, and poultry especially—but also because (as is the case with many of the patent compounds that are supposed to kill rats and not to kill anything else) the rats that eat it die in their holes, and cause by their decomposing bodies more unpleasantness than by their actual presence.

Traps, too, are not very effectual, and gins are as dangerous to dogs, cats, and poultry as is poison.

SECOND ONLY TO FOX-HUNTING.

The cheapest, most effective, and best way of thinning out rats is by no means of the ferret and terrier.

The eighth Duke of Beaufort is credited with having said that there were only two field-sports worth following—fox-hunting and ratting, and that ratting was a very good second. And there are many men of means and position who keep up considerable teams of terriers for the express purpose of killing rats.

One such, who resides in Hampshire, is always ready to take a selection from his kennels to any place where there is a chance of a good day's ratting. On one occasion, not long since at a farm in Wiltshire they accounted for between seven and eight hundred rats in one day.

Terriers used for ratting should, it is almost needless to say, be thoroughly broken to ferrets, or the cost of the sport will be materially increased.

SPECIAL FERRETS.

Ferrets entered to rats are better if kept to their own game, and not employed for rabbiting. In fact, a different type of ferret is required, one that is high-couraged and very keen. Those known as "fitchy" or "polecat" ferrets are the best if they are not too large to follow the rats in their runs.

It often happens that a ferret will work a large number of rats into a corner from which they cannot escape, when the rats will turn upon him and perhaps kill him. But where rats are at all numerous several ferrets should be sent in together, in order to avoid such a contingency.

A knowledge of the buildings to be ferreted and of the runs is advisable if the rats are to be got out in such a way that the terriers have a proper chance of killing them. If possible a clear run towards other buildings, where the holes have been stopped, should be arranged.

Rats will often run to wood piles, to which the ferrets can be transferred and from which they will soon drive the vermin; or they will go to adjacent duck-ponds and swim and dive there like miniature otters. One or two terriers should then be allowed to hunt them in the water, while others are held ready on the banks to catch them when they are driven ashore.

No one should be allowed to carry a stick when rats are being ferreted to terriers. Many a good dog has been blinded or killed by a blow from a stick wielded by some excited yokel during a rat hunt. The owner of ratting terriers should, therefore, insist on disarming every man present before operations begin. It will be too late when his best dog is dead.

Most kinds of terriers are good at ratting, from bull-terriers and Bedlingtons down to tiny Yorkshires. The second-named, however, are not very safe, as they are jealous and terribly quarrelsome, and most vicious fighters.

Many other dogs, such as spaniels, and even collies, will kill rats; but nothing looks or works better than a team of fox-terriers, accustomed to act together, killing their prey in friendly rivalry and a business-like manner.

Killing rats when threshing is also an exciting variety of the sport. Here ferrets are not required, as the gradual disintegration of the ricks drives out the rats, and the watchful terriers do the rest.

A thrifty farmer, however, should never let the rats get into his ricks in sufficient numbers to provide a big bag on threshing days. He should have systematically ferreted them long before, and in an autumn like that just commenced he cannot begin too soon.

C. Harris Pulley.

EMPTY.

It is a sign of thoughtlessness on your part if a gue has to ask for little things that should be provided as a matter of course.

To leave an empty match-box in a guest's candlestick is an insult. It were better there were no matches at all. It shows such a complete indifference to his simplest needs, and looks as if you thought "anything will do for him."

SPORTING BLISTERS.

Blisters at this time of the year will chiefly attack the sportsman's feet, for this is the season for running and football, rather than rowing, or other "manual" sports.

The best thing to do with blisters is to leave them until they are fairly full of water, and then prick them at the side with a needle that has been dipped in some antiseptic. Then squeeze the water out, and leave the old skin on.

Don't follow the example of some foolish people who cut away the old skin with nail-scissors. If you do, you may rely on having a bad sore place.

HORSES' ACTION.

HOW IT DIFFERS OVER VARIOUS DISTANCES.

Just as there is a distinct difference—or should be—between the action of a 100-yard sprinter and a miler, so do racehorses generally show a marked divergence of movement according to whether they are short or long-distance performers.

There is one action for a five-furlong race and another for a race over, say, two miles. The judge of horseflesh, who backs his fancy on the course not because he has followed form or been given a tip, but because he fancies the horse's movements, looks for a long, sweeping, swing of all the four legs in a horse that is going to do anything up to a mile. Anybody who has seen Quality Street canter past before a five-furlong sprint and remembers the gelding's action will know what I mean.

A long-distance race calls, of course, for endurance besides speed, so that a stride such as most short-distance horses have would be over-fatiguing over a long distance.

Thus we see that long-distance horses are endowed by nature with an action which is more "lift" than "swing," as it were, and is easier, though, doubtless, a trifle slower.

HOW FERRIS ROBBED THE MAIL

A FURTHER ADVENTURE OF THE KING OF KNAVES.

By E. WADE LANG.

There was a sort of "brilliant impromptu" about some of Ferris's nefarious undertakings; but others, equally, were the result of the most meticulous preparations.

I don't remember any crime upon which we expended more care than the robbery of the Northern Mail.

To begin with, there was the exact spot to be decided upon where the train could be stopped and the specie unloaded. This much achieved—and it was not quite so easy as it sounds—there remained the still tougher proposition of removing the stuff expeditiously and in such a manner that recovery of it would be doubtful, and the capture of ourselves a remote possibility.

You can't expect to "lift" £24,000 in coin in law-abiding England without having the whole countryside buzzing about your ears like angry bees—probably as jealous of your success as they are indignant at your monstrous villainy.

It's not quite the same in the States, where spaces are wider, and where a well-executed coup will sometimes so excite the admiration of the local sheriff that he'll instruct his "boys" they needn't be surplus anxious to find you!

I, Dave Stowbrass, have had some experience, and know!

It was at a certain lonely place on the main line, about three miles from a little market town in the Midland Counties, that we finally found the spot which had the particular peculiarities we had been looking for.

Running out of the up track was a small siding for shunting, a little way on ahead was the black mouth of a tunnel, and there was no signal-box in either direction nearer than a couple of miles.

Pasture fields flanked the line at the particular place in question, and there was no road near, except a narrow lane which ran at the back of the field on the down-line, and met the road a full mile and a half away.

It was never Ferris's habit to be in a hurry when a big job was in contemplation, and, accordingly, in the course of a few weeks, we had taken a small farmstead in the vicinity of the market town aforesaid, representing ourselves as colonials come home to retire on our modest pile, and had settled down to the innocuous existence of farming and general idleness.

We bought a smart, rubber-tyred phaeton, and a cob who could stride it out on occasion, as well as stand still as a dormouse, and treated ourselves to bicycles, and also invested in a couple of unusually powerful cart-horses, which, when not in work, were turned out to graze in the field adjoining the down line, the purchase of which had been one of our first undertakings.

Within a couple of months we had thoroughly familiarised ourselves with the service of local signalling, and knew practically every foot of the surrounding countryside.

Then it was that Ferris began to absent himself on various occasions.

It would doubtless have proved a considerable shock to the fair sex of the neighbourhood, most of whom had made an inconvenient and irritating "set" at him, if they had known that he was leading, for the time being, what is popularly called "a double life."

He had taken another house in a suburb of the large manufacturing town sixty miles farther to the north, where he kept servants and a motor-car, and where the "master" was generally supposed to be touring about England, on pleasure bent, for the major portion of his time.

A few days prior to the completion of our plans, the said servants were discharged, and on the eventful day, when darkness had fallen, Ferris arrived at the farmstead in the motor-car, having altered its number-plate on the way.

We had no one living in at the house, but a garrulous old housekeeper, and a hard-working stupid young girl; the labourers employed on the farm lived in cottages some distance away.

The motor-car we stored in the barn. At 9.15 exactly we harnessed the cob to the phaeton.

"We are going out to visit some friends," we informed the housekeeper. "We don't expect to be back till getting on for midnight. You needn't sit up."

Then, silent under a cloudy, moonless sky, we drove along the deserted road at a rapid pace till we came to the lane on the right which led us, after some time, to the field adjoining the railway line.

There, passing through the gate, we finally tethered the cob in the shadow of some trees near the railway siding, where he rested quite content, with a nosebag to keep him company.

Crossing the line, we proceeded some fifty yards nearer to the tunnel, where we had arranged to tamper with the signal wires.

We had first of all to wait for the passage of a "local slow," which went by a few minutes after ten. After that, there were thirty-five minutes before the mail would be due—and much to do in the meantime.

I remember the raw dampness of the night, and the prevailing stillness, and the quiet celerity with which we worked, Ferris adjusting the contrivance, myself holding the tools.

When it was finished, the signaller from his station was cut off from the up-line tunnel signal, though without any means of finding it out, inasmuch as the tension and play were the same.

Only by ourselves could the signal be controlled; worked by a lever carried out to the shelter of the hedge six paces distant. It now stood at "danger"—a calm red eye in the gloom.

"Time must be drawing near," I muttered, after a few minutes of unemployed waiting.

"Yes," said Ferris, whose hand was resting delicately on the blind signal-wire, and who watched the down line squatting on his heels, with wary expectant eyes.

He was superlatively cool, as every man ought to be who reckons on holding up an English night express.

"Can you hear her?" said Ferris softly, all at once.

And far away in the distance, there arose a faint, unmistakable roar, making me draw in a notch on my nerves, and steady them down to implicit obedience.

"I'm only hoping the swag will be on board all right," I said.

"Trust me for that," said Ferris. "My channel of information is absolutely reliable."

"And in the rear carriage?"

"Always is. Haven't we seen it go by heaps of times?"

"Then the quicker the better," was my final remark.

In two or three minutes there was a violent agitation of the wire under Ferris's hand. The signalman was sending through the express—the tunnel-signal, had all been well, would now have been shining green.

But it still shone red; and at red, for the present, we left it.

"Get to your post," said Ferris, in an undertone; and I stepped to the hedge and crouched in the darkness, with my hand on the lever.

He, on his part, crossed the line, and moved swiftly and noiselessly down-track, finally disappearing.

Almost immediately afterwards the train thundered into sight round a curve, charging along in our direction at a speed of some fifty to sixty miles an hour.

The brakes were applied abruptly as the signal was perceived, and the train slowed down, ultimately coming to a complete stop within a dozen yards of me.

With all my eyes I watched for Ferris's signal.

Second after second went by. A minute, perhaps, though time is unaccountable at such periods.

At last, low down, near the ground, a tiny light flashed for an instant, and promptly I pulled the lever, and the signal crashed down, changing the light to green in its progress.

The monster, with three mighty puffs, rapidly began to move, and glided past into the tunnel, the passenger carriages following one after the other with ever-increasing momentum.

Left stationary on the track was the final carriage! The postal van, wherein the specie was carried! Ferris had unhitched it from the rest of the train.

I ran along the track to join him.

Inside it were the two sorters, still working away with the most commendable energy, oblivious alike to temporary stoppages as to the possibility of intrusion by marauders.

I had the chloroform ready as Ferris climbed up on to the footboard and opened the door.

He flourished a pistol at the one sorter, while helping me to hold the other, and I applied the soaked handkerchief to his nostrils.

Not a syllable was spoken. We treated the other the same; bound them and gagged them. It was brutal work, but speed was an essential, as much for their sake as our own.

If a luggage train were sent through while the van was still on the line, there would be an unholy smash, and it might be murder we had committed instead of a clever robbery.

Ferris went away, and returned presently, leading our two strong cart-horses, which had been grazing in the field. We harnessed them to the van by the tackle we had ready, and a minute or two sufficed to draw it safely into the siding.

Then we unloaded the specie, and carted it to the phaeton. Twelve compact, iron-bound boxes, each containing two thousand pounds in gold.

Ferris looked at his watch as he gathered up the reins. "Thirteen minutes all told," he said. "I trust you're not superstitious, Daffy."

"I shall feel more comfortable when we're double that many miles away."

"The express's first stop will be about now. They'll certainly discover that they have left something behind, and very shortly there'll be a terrible hullaballoo all along the line. I estimate that those two young postal officials will not remain in uncomfortable bondage for longer than an hour. Meanwhile——"

There was still a light burning in the sitting-room at the farm, but we did not even wait to enter. Nothing was there which we desired to take away.

We transferred the iron-bound boxes from the phaeton to the motor-car, and unharnessed and stalled the cob. It's men, not beasts, that Ferris and I don't study.

Then we said good-bye to the farm for good, and the car slid away with us, bound for the safe retreat which Ferris had so circumspectly prepared.

We arrived there well before daybreak, the car's number again altered.

There was little apprehension for us in the resulting hue and cry.

[*Another of these stories will appear shortly.*—Editor.]

WAKING TIRED.

The unpleasant feeling of waking up more tired than when you went to bed has been experienced by most.

It is due to the fact that while sleeping you have not been breathing so deeply as you should have been doing, and, therefore, the blood has not been sufficiently oxygenated.

The remedy is to take a dozen or twenty very deep breaths before you get up. You will then find that you are feeling quite fresh and happy.

TWO USEFUL TOOLS.

There are many occasions when the man in diggings wants either a screwdriver or a hammer. As often as not he has neither.

Pictures want hanging. There is that photograph of the team, taken after the last match. It is still lying, framed, behind the curtain. Why not hang it?

Then there is a search for a hammer. It is more than likely that the back of a hair-brush or a clothes-brush is used—with disastrous results to the brush, and without achieving the desired result so far as the nail is concerned.

Then the heel of a boot is brought into action, and by the time the nail is in the wall there is a patch of broken paper and a shower of broken plaster.

A small hammer would have saved all this.

Similarly, with a screwdriver. There are locks to be mended, a window-catch to tighten up, or what not. The first thing the average man tries, if he has no screwdriver, is his pocket-knife. The blade is used. All goes well for a turn or two. Then, snap!

Tools are cheap nowadays, and every man should have a few of the most commonly-needed implements for doing the odd jobs that incessantly arise either in your own house or your diggings.

KENNEL CLUB LAW

OF INTEREST TO ALL OWNERS WHO INTEND EXHIBITING THEIR DOGS.

The Rules of the Kennel Club are lengthy and in some cases rather involved, so I shall deal only with those which especially concern the man who has become possessed of a well-bred dog and is thinking of showing him.

First, for a few definitions: A "Hound Show" is confined entirely to foxhounds, staghounds, otterhounds, bloodhounds, harriers, and beagles.

A "Novice" class is open only to the dog who has never won a first prize in any class other than puppy, maiden, or local classes, or a challenge certificate at shows held under Kennel Club Rules.

A "Maiden Class" is confined to dogs who have never won a prize in any class at shows held under Kennel Club Rules.

A "Puppy" is a dog under twelve months old, dating from and including date of birth.

DOGS THAT ARE DISQUALIFIED.

Entries for any show must close at least five clear days before the opening of the show, and any dog entered must at the time be the property of his registered owner.

The rules in regard to disqualification are numerous. Here are a few. A dog shall be disqualified if he has been—

1. Exhibited at an unrecognised show.
2. Is owned or exhibited by a person suspended by the Kennel Club.
3. If he is totally blind, totally deaf, or unsexed.
4. Suffering from infectious or contagious disease.
5. Is exhibited for competition by a judge at the show.
6. Has been prepared for exhibition in contravention of the Kennel Club's Regulations.

PREVENTING FAKING.

The last rule refers to the regulations against "faking" dogs for exhibition. These are as follows:

1. That any dye, colouring, whitening, or darkening matter has been used and remains on any part of the dog.
2. That any preparation, chemical or otherwise, has been used, which remains on the coat during the time of exhibition, for the purpose of altering the texture.
3. That any oil, greasy or sticky substance has been used and remains on the coat during the time of exhibition.
4. That any part of a dog's coat or hair has been cut, clipped, singed, or rasped down by any substance.
5. That the new or fast coat has been removed by pulling or plucking in any manner.

Note.—The coat may be brushed and combed, so that the old or shedding coat and loose hairs may be removed. No comb may be used that has a cutting or a rasping edge.

BARRING UNNECESSARY OPERATIONS.

6. That any cutting, piercing, breaking by force, or any kind of operation or act, which destroys tissues of the ears, or alters the natural formation or carriage, or shortens the tail, or alters the natural formation of the dog, or any part thereof, has been practised, or any other thing has been done calculated in the opinion of the committee of the Kennel Club to deceive, except in cases of necessary operation certified to the satisfaction of the Kennel Club Committee.

7. That the lining mebrane of the mouth has been cut or mutilated in any way.

Obviously there are exceptions to Rule 6. Tail-docking is permissible in the case of spaniels (Irish water spaniels excepted), fox, Irish, Welsh, Airedale terriers, Old English sheepdogs, poodles, toy spaniels, Yorkshire terriers, schipperkes, and Griffon Bruxellois.

Poodles may be clipped, dew-claws removed from any breed, and dogs whose ears were cropped before April 9, 1898, are not disqualified.

E. J. Carr.

By A SERGEANT IN THE REGULARS.

The hints set down below are intended only for the guidance of those using the Government pattern rifle, that is, the Lee-Enfield, and will be found most useful and instructive to those whose knowledge of the same is limited.

Doubtless military marksmanship is the highest form of shooting, and naturally claims first place among the many phases of training in which the soldier, be he Regular or Territorial, is expected to excel.

A golden rule for the aspiring "shot" to remember is that only by personal effort, determination, and will power can he hope to attain a good standard.

SNAPPING PRACTICE.

Does it surprise you to learn that a man can make himself a good shot without firing a round of ammunition, until the very last stages are reached?

The secret of good shooting with the service rifle lies in constant "snapping practice," not in fits and starts, but daily for five or ten minutes. "Snapping practice" means, of course, aiming at some mark with the rifle empty, and pressing the trigger exactly, and with as much care, as in actual firing.

This develops determination to hold the rifle steadily on the mark, to obtain perfect control on the trigger finger (forefinger), and to aim correctly.

It will also in time give the muscles complete mastery over the rifle, and to the eye, brain, and forefinger the ability to work in harmony.

Do not dwell on the aim, a fault which causes strained eyesight, consequently incorrect aim. Ten seconds should be the limit.

HOW TO PRESS THE TRIGGER.

It is an excellent habit to keep the aim on the mark *after* pressing the trigger, and this should be done also when actually shooting.

Keep a firm grip with both hands, and keep the eye and the cheek well back on the butt. The butt must be pressed firmly into the *hollow* of the shoulder, not on the muscle of the arm. Comfort, ease, and entire absence from constraint must be sought, until they come naturally and without effort.

In pressing the trigger, remember that the first joint of the forefinger must be hooked round its lowest part and the thumb and remaining fingers of the right hand must grip the "small" of the butt.

If a squeezing motion is applied to the butt and trigger, using the *whole* of the hand, it will be released without the slightest movement.

Always remember that the breathing should be restrained till the shot has gone.

The great point is that you must be able to press the trigger without disturbing the aim.

BALANCING A COIN.

Test yourself frequently by balancing a coin on the foresight, and do not be satisfied until it remains undisturbed by the release of the trigger. *Do not snatch or pull.*

Of course, a good sound mental and physical condition counts for much. If, when you come to fire, you feel inclined to be nervous, concentrate all your energies of mind and body on the shot to be fired, being determined to hit the mark. Familiarity will then soon bring confidence and self reliance.

A useful little hint to remember is, "Light up, sight up," meaning that when the sun is brightly shining, take a little higher aim than usual, and *vice versa*.

Another necessary hint is to keep your rifle scrupulously clean in every part.

Good scores were never yet made with dirty rifles, and never will be.

"BANDOLIER."

MY NOTEBOOK.

"NICE PLACE."

The mystery as to the precise locality of "Nice Place," and the desire to fathom the problem remain as deep and as strong as ever, and the question, "Where *is* Nice Place?" has become a popular catchword.

The postcards with which this mystery is connected have been in great demand, and the proof of the success of the scheme lies in the fact that many who have had one supply of postcards, have sent up for a further and larger supply, because of the endless amusement which these cards create.

Personally, I have had quite a lot of fun with them, and they have certainly been the means of drawing my attention to certain phases of human character.

You drop one of these cards on the pavement of an evening, somewhere beside a street lamp. You walk on for fifty yards or so, and watch the result.

Generally, the first person who comes along picks up the card. Sometimes he passes it by without seeing it, but if his eyes light upon it he inevitably picks it up.

Why does he do so? I suppose the human bump of curiosity is responsible.

Here is a highly artistic photographic postcard which someone has dropped, and the man who sees it wants to know whether any horrible family secret is revealed thereon. He would not pick up a cigar, or a box of matches, but the postcard is irresistible.

HOW TO GET THE POSTCARDS.

As I have already stated, we are giving away these postcards without any charge whatsoever, because, indirectly, they are helping to make this paper better known, and they also provide our readers with a novel sort of entertainment.

If you want a supply, send a large, stamped, addressed envelope, and if you want an extra large supply, send an extra big envelope.

We shall send you as many postcards as the Post Office will carry for the amount of the stamps on your envelope.

READERS' EXPERIENCES.

I hope you will remember to let me know if you have any specially amusing adventures in connection with these cards. Meantime, I have much pleasure in giving the following extracts from the letters of readers recounting their experiences:

"The cards reached me at my place of business," writes a Finsbury Park reader, "and that same evening, I dropped one on the platform of the Holborn Tube station.

"An elderly gentleman promptly picked it up, glanced at it, and then, holding it on high, walked along the platform, shouting, 'Has any lady or gentleman dropped a postcard?'

"For my part, I made tracks for the other end of the platform, and got into a carriage well away from his, for I was afraid he might have seen me drop it, and he might have been nasty after having made such a fool of himself."

A Bristol reader writes: "On Sunday evening I dropped one of your postcards at the corner of our street. Then I went back to the garden gate, and stood smoking.

"Presently a couple came along, and the young man picked the card up. They stood below a lamp reading it, and then they both laughed, and the girl put her arm round the chap's waist.

"I should like to have heard what they said about the allusion to 'Nice Place.'"

This comes from a Glasgow reader: "Please send me some more of your postcards. The dozen you sent me are all gone.

"I thought at first that when people picked them up and read them, they would drop them again, so that one could have a lot of fun with the same card, but I find that when the people have laughed over being so neatly had, they always put the card into their pocket, probably because the cards are so interesting and artistic; but that is how I am applying to you for more cards."

We have already made arrangements for a further supply of these cards. Meantime, I should advise you to send in your envelopes while we still have a supply of the first batch left.

I can guarantee that you will have some fun with them.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

CLUB NEWS.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Birmingham Modern Man Club is strong. It has been arranged that on the first Wed- of each month there will be a debate, on the second sday a smoker, and on the fourth an impromptu ech night. These events, which begin at 8 p.m., are free League members and their friends. The headquarters the Club are at 46, New Street, the entrance being in Needless Alley. The Club is open every day from 10 in the morning till 11 at night, except on Fridays, when it is open from 6 p.m. to 11 p.m.

HULL.—Next Thursday, the 19th, there will be another meeting in connection with the Hull Modern Man Club at 7 p.m. at the Alliance Cafe, opposite the Town Hall. ing members should communicate with the hon. secre- Mr. H. Kay, York House, 3, Cholmley Street, Hull.

NOTTINGHAM.—A Whist Party will be held next Wednesday, the 18th, at the Nottingham Modern Man Club headquarters, Hylton House, Raleigh Street, Nottingham. All League members will be welcome. Those desirous of join- should write to the hon. secretary, Mr. A. J. Cross.

HAVE YOU JOINED?

IF NOT, DO SO TO-DAY!

We print below a further instalment of the list of members of The Modern Man League. *The names of those enrolling now will appear in a supplementary list.*

ROCKFERRY.

, 60, Chatham Road; J. D. LEE, 21, Rock Lane East; W. S. IN, The Grange; E. E. PEACHEY, 5, Palmerston Street.

ROGERSTONE.

S. PINNELL, 2, Railway Cottages.

ROMFORD.

BYRNES, 92, Craigdale Road; H. H. MOBBS, Hare Street.

ROMILEY.

A. VOSS, Sycamore Cottage.

ROSS-ON-WYE.

AMAR, Oak Road.

ROTHERHAM.

INLEY, Broad Street, Parkgate; J. E. AKERELL, Glassworks. Main; A. BADHAM, 18, Shakespeare Road, Eastwood Vale; A. C. , 103, Wellgate; F. BEAUMONT, 75, Tickhill Street, Denaby J. BROUGH, 93, Eldon Road; R. BROWNING, 4, Alma Villas, Road; C. CHISHOLM, Maltby; A. COATES, 17, Clifton Lane; D. CORBETT, Whiston; W. J. CROWCROFT, 11, New Hill, Conis- A. DEARDEN, 3, Rotherham Road, Dinnington; J. A. DENMAN, Manse Place; A. O. DUNKLEY, 11, Fernham Park Avenue; B. ELL- OOD, 1, Godstone Road; J. EVERSDEN, Treeton; E. GOODWIN, Manse Place; G. GRAHAM, 2, Park View, Broom; E. GUEST, 4, Fer- Road; S. GUMMER, Edenfield, Moorgate Grove; J. W. HOUGH, Lockwood Road, Goldthorpe; W. HAYLAND, Maltby; H. HULLEY, Gilberthorpe Street; A. ISHERWOOD, Kilnhurst; A. JEAVONS, ora Bank Villa, Whitehill, Catcliffe; W. E. LAUGHTON, 72, Clough ; W. MORGAN, c/o Wright's Stores, Thurnscoe East; G. W. SCOTT, Arthur Street, Thornhill; F. SEALE, 57, Garden Lane, Conisboro'.

(To be continued.)

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

ership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There scription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following

Plated ..	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
or cap badge ..	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
last for watch-	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.
		gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant	6s.
		gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant	12s.

colours are blue, gold, and purple, and can now be obtained by rs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C., in the

ds (made up and adjustable)	1s. 4½d.,	post free
ies	1s. 5½d.,	,, ,,
	3s. 3d.,	,, ,,
	4s. 11d.,	,, ,,

coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Modern Man, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of The Modern Man League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

Lost Memory Restored, Bad Memory Improved, Good Memory Made Perfect by Pelman's System.

The Pelman System consists of a series of exercises based on the laws governing the working of the brain. All drudgery and tedious study is eliminated. The exercises are easy and fascinating, and develop your brain as physical exercise does your muscles, but the result is far more beneficial and is permanent.

Your ability—your earning power—depends solely upon the strength and efficiency of your memory—upon its quickness in remembering accurately and completely the innumerable facts which form your daily routine. Memory affects life itself, making it happy or miserable, successful or impotent, according to its power to raise you above the circumstances in which you find yourself.

Forgetfulness means that the details of your business are not at your command, that your employer cannot rely upon you. He may be lenient, perhaps excuse you once, twice, or many times, but he will rely more and more upon your colleague with the trained memory, who is seldom at a loss, who does not hesitate, who knows not only what he is expected to know, but a great deal more besides. He is the man who will inevitably rise while you remain in the rut of dull routine, poorly paid and discontented. This is the inexorable law of all individual progress—the law of the survival of the fittest.

It needs no argument to enable you to realise that, whatever your vocation, however high or modest your position, the possession of this increased memory power and mental ability will be of incalculable advantage to you. It will enable you to do more work and better work with less effort, and do better paid work which is now beyond you, to fit yourself rapidly for promotion, to see and seize opportunities for making more money, to make up for all the opportunities and advantages you have missed.

AN IDEAL SPARE TIME OCCUPATION FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

Free by post, Mr. Pelman's book, "Memory Training," containing full particulars of the instruction, pupils' testimonials, newspaper recommendations, and opinions by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Sir W. Robertson Nicol, Mr. W. T. Stead, Signor Marconi, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Lieut.-General Sir R. Baden-Powell, Rev. R. J. Campbell, Sir Laurence Gomme, Mr. Silas Hocking, and others.

Send Coupon or Postcard.

To the Secretary,

PELMAN SCHOOL OF MEMORY,
42, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street,
LONDON, W.C.

Please send Free Booklet, "Memory Training."

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Branches—India: 9, Churchgate Street, Bombay; Australia: 47, Queen Street, Melbourne; South Africa: Club Arcade, Durban.

MISERE

A NUMBER OF FRAGMENTS.

CONTRIBUTED ANONYMOUSLY.

"I have also to inform you, gentlemen," went on the coroner, addressing the jury, "that nothing was found in the pockets of the deceased, save a few scraps of paper and the stump of a pencil.

"I have the pieces of paper here. They would appear to have been picked up in the streets—consisting of odd backs of envelopes, fragments of paper bags, etc.,

"There is writing on them which undeniably throws some light on the mental condition of the deceased, though there is no evidence to show whether the notes were written immediately before death or some indeterminable period before.

"I will read them to you and allow you to form your own opinion. It has been a matter of some difficulty to arrange the scattered pieces into the order in which they were written, and even now I am not quite sure that I have wholly succeeded. But that, however, is not a very important detail.

"Apparently the desire of the deceased was to set down some particulars of his life, perhaps with the object of explaining how he came to be destitute, but unfortunately he has wandered off into the paths of inconsequence and vagueness, and though his remarks are of undoubted interest psychologically, they can hardly be regarded as helpful to us in the duty upon which we are engaged at present."

Thereupon the coroner took up the papers and read them.

* * * * * * *

"To-day I am a man penniless, without friends, without shelter. I don't see that it matters so much. The wind is cold and the pavements are wet. But there are worse things. I shall manage—as I have managed before. Or I shall die—and no one will care.

"And quite proper it is that no one should care or grieve about such poor material as I am. I would not come 'like ghosts to trouble joy.'

"Yet there have been times in my life when someone has cared—someone who would perhaps shed bitter tears in sorrow for my plight could they see it now. I cry myself sometimes.

"Oh, pity! pity! Self-pity and self-contempt! Torturers you are, for you heal no wounds! You only hang weights on the heartstrings.

"I want to confess how sorrowful a fool I am. I have found out the secret of misery: Sloth and a Slavishness to Fears.

"'Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man.' True words, those! I read them on a tombstone only a few weeks ago, and now they exist before my eyes like everlasting letters in scarlet.

"Mine accusation written in the sky!

"Would that in my youth someone had taken me by the hand and pointed out their meaning. Said, '*Fight*, whate'er may come, and so you shall save your soul alive!'

"My plight—my sorrow! Why I should write of it is more than I can well understand—but perchance it is fated that a few sad fools, chancing on these scraps, shall prefigure their ultimate destination and flee their folly ere it be too late.

"Yet wherefore this quixotic impulse to benefit my neighbour—my neighbour who has never done aught to benefit me? He has passed by on the other side. He has read me homilies and urged me to repent—I who was cursed with sluggishness at my birth, and have indeed far more to forgive than be forgiven! And he has trampled on me, scourged me, spat on me, and, verily, in spirit, crucified me!

"Why should I benefit my brother?

"Ah, I like that word better than neighbour. My *Brother!*

"Born of the same flesh, son of the same loving father. Yet where is the brotherhood of man when one finds oneself drowning in deep waters? No hand to help. Rather a thrust under. 'Below, you dog! Go down!'

"Ah, God, I laugh! A creature has just passed me—a creature with a silk hat and carrying an umbrella. It is raining. He paused in his stride and looked at me—looked and went on.

"My brother! . . .

"Ah, God, I cry! What is to be given to me to compensate for what I have suffered? I cry out *debt!*" and no Thing hears. 'Long have I slept and slumbered long; many and long are the woes of mankind.

"Here on a vagrant's bench in London sit I, writing my woes on gathered scraps! Who will pick them up? What callous, curious beast will read them and, with mind like a surgeon's scalpel, wonder? I may even find myself in the columns of a newspaper.

"In that case I must polish up my style. I must avoid being pointless. I must trace to a coherent end.

"Folly! That is my theme! A dissertation on folly, an it please you, good sirs.

"First, then, reflect on the multitude of fools that have lived and now are dead, returned to the dust, and the multitude that remain, mostly masquerading as the wise.

"Their days are numbered, the length of their life is a hand's-span, and to-morrow there'll be a man where now is flat earth, and naught else will be left to say of them.

"A bushel of grief to a grain of joy: that is the life pays us, and we're expected to be thankful. We offer up praise and bow thy head in acknowledgment, for surely it is a fool who is contented with so little.

"I am grown light-headed with hunger. Pity me, ye who pass. Or if reading, be tender. Because I have played the fool I have been cast out from among my fellows—but are *you* so different?

"I am a man who has trodden in pathless places and found no home. I hear all the cries of the world, and they bear me down—they bear me down. I cannot contend against them.

"What, I ask, is the meaning of it all? What this suffering? Whither this blind creation?

"Oh, my Maker, let me utterly lie down."

* * * * * *

The coroner laid down the papers. He cleared his throat and sat absent-eyed for a few moments, looking through the window at the sunlight.

He went on, repressing a sigh.

"The deceased, as I have said, was discovered in a state of coma and conveyed forthwith to the hospital where he subsequently expired without regaining consciousness. The medical evidence——"

* * * * * *

Verdict: Death from natural causes, accelerated by exposure and want.

A juryman expressed the conviction that the deceased was temporarily insane.

PELMAN MEMORY TRAINING.

That memory plays a most important part in the attainment of success is a fact admitted by all, but it is not so universally understood that this power can be trained to perfection, even though one's natural memory is very defective.

Many systems have been devised, but unquestionably the best is that taught by the Pelman School of Memory, 42, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, W.C. Every reader desirous of improving his memory should write for the book on "Memory Training," which they are forwarding free to all readers of this paper.

A TOBACCO FACT.

One phase of the tobacco duties that does not seem to operate quite equitably in the case of the poor man, when one considers the treatment of his wealthier brother, is the fact that all brands of tobacco are taxed an equal amount.

That is, the tax is not imposed in proportion to value but in proportion to weight.

Thus we find a tax of about 3¼d. on every ounce of tobacco whether of good quality or inferior. So when the man whose purse is limited buys an ounce of tobacco for 4½d., he actually pays 1¼d. for the baccy and 3¼d. for the tax.

But when the rich man buys an ounce of tobacco for 1s., the value of the weed is 8¾d. anyhow. It does not seem quite fair, does it?

Can you answer these Questions?

Every business man ought to know the answers to these questions. Do YOU know them all?

YOU will probably find it quite easy to answer most of these questions, but unless you are a rare and brilliant exception you will find several others a great deal more difficult. Some of them, indeed, may be altogether beyond you.

And yet, you will agree, they are all questions that you might have to answer any day in your own business. So—if only out of curiosity—run through the list and see how many you can answer correctly.

20 Specimen Questions.

1. What is the exact purpose of a ledger?
2. What do these signs mean: "E. & O.E.," "F.A.S." & "G/A"?
3. How would you open a branch?
4. What is a consignment note?
5. Do you know how to organise a sale?
6. Do you understand office organisation?
7. What is the difference between sending goods on "consignment" and "on sale or return"?
8. How often by law must a factory be "lime-washed"?
9. How and when is a judgment summons issued?
10. What is the cost of registering a limited company?
11. What is the rule about doubtful debts in assessing income tax?
12. Do you know how to take out a patent?
13. Must a receipt be in writing to be valid?
14. What exactly is a "special settlement"?
15. How and when can you claim for loss of an article sent by registered post?
16. What is the difference between a factor and a broker?
17. How would you draw up a selling scheme?
18. How does a secured creditor in bankruptcy abandon his security?
19. Is a seaside shopkeeper liable for rates in the winter when his shop is shut up?
20. How can you recover debts at court without the expense of a solicitor or collecting agency?

How many did you answer?

Well, how have you come through this examination in business knowledge? You must not forget that the knowledge of these facts and of many other facts like them is absolutely necessary to you if you mean to succeed. If you are in business for yourself you know how useful you would find it to be able to answer any business problem that arose; if you are working for others you must realise that your employer will value you more highly if he knows he can go to you for information when he needs it.

The Way to Answer Everything.

And that is why the "Business Encyclopædia and Legal Adviser" is so valuable a work—because it contains information about every point in business life. With it by your side you can answer any question about business that is put to you. For instance, you can answer all the questions that you have just asked yourself. You will find the full purpose of a ledger in the article on Ledgers, Vol. III., page 294. Under "Abbreviations" you will find the meaning of every symbol and sign that is used in business to-day. The third question you will solve by looking up the fine article on the Basic Idea in Business, and so on with all the other questions; and, in fact, with any question about anything relating to business. Thus, in question 19, you will find in a moment that the shop-keeper is liable for rates for the whole time (see Vol. III., page 26).

How This Concerns You.

These questions may not arise in your business, but others do, and if you think it would mean anything to you to know at once what to say or do in every emergency, you should send the coupon below for a handsome illustrated book on Business, telling all about the "Business Encyclopædia" and giving the names of the successful business men who have written it. It also tells how any reader of MODERN MAN may obtain the complete work in seven volumes for a first payment of 1s. 6d. only, and pay the balance in small monthly payments. Sending the coupon commits you to nothing. Is such an opportunity one you should miss?

J. S. FRY & SONS, Ltd., write :—

"We strongly advise all commercial men to purchase the work. It is the work *par excellence* for every business man to possess."

A FREE BOOK.

This Coupon entitles you to one free copy of the book describing the "Business Encyclopædia," but it must be sent at once. It tells all about the work and the specially low terms to readers of MODERN MAN.

To the CAXTON PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,
52, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Please send me one complimentary copy of the book on the "Business Encyclopædia." I am a reader of MODERN MAN.

Name.....

(Send this form or a postcard.)

Address.....

.....

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

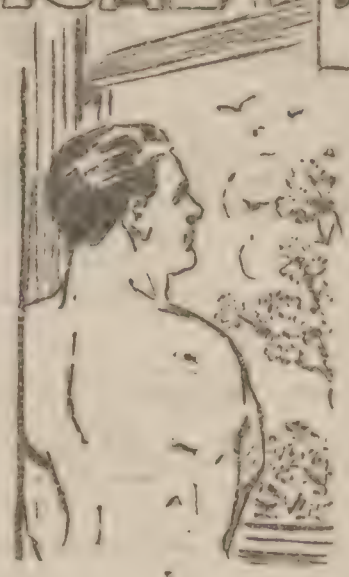
A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by our

PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

FRESH AIR.

HOW TO GET IT INTO THE INMOST RECESSES OF THE LUNGS.



Here is an exercise so simple that you may not think it worth practising, but if you will be guided by me and give it a fair trial for a fortnight, I will guarantee that by the end of that time your health will be better in every way, and your chest measurement will be considerably increased.

On getting up, stand by your open window (it should have been open all night, by the way), and slowly empty the lungs by exhaling all the breath.

Next draw in the abdomen.

Then slowly breathe in through the nose till the lungs can hold no more; while breathing inwards, allow the abdomen to distend.

The mistake that most people make when practising a breathing exercise, is to hold the breath too long, or to refrain too long from taking a breath after they have emptied the lungs. There is no merit in this holding of the breath, and the practice puts a considerable strain on the heart.

Do the whole exercise easily, slowly, and without strain. If you feel any strain, you are not doing it correctly.

As there is no tax on the muscles or internal organs, you may safely repeat this exercise as many times as you desire.

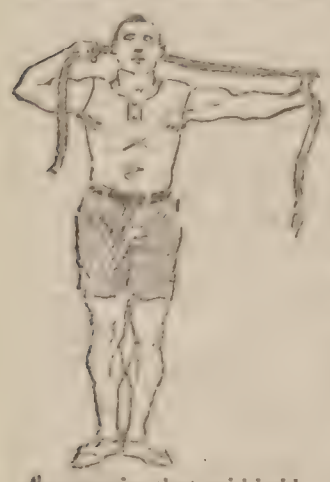
The object of it is to bring into play those inner recesses of the lungs which are not used in ordinary involuntary breathing. Most people breathe only with the top of their lungs, except during violent exercise; hence their organs of respiration are never properly developed.

Incidentally, this exercise, if carried out in the manner I have described, is a certain cure for constipation, even of a chronic kind, for the contraction and expansion of the abdominal muscles produces a highly beneficial effect on the organs lying beneath them.

EXERCISING WITH A ROPE.

A SPLENDID RESISTANCE AND MUSCLE-CONTROL EXERCISE.

As fine an exercise as I know of may be performed with no more elaborate apparatus than a piece of rope. An ordinary clothes line will do.



An exercise that will hold your interest.

Grasp the rope in the position shown in the illustration, keeping the chest well out and up.

Now exert pressure on the rope, as if you desired to break it.

This will stiffen all your arm muscles, for in such a position one hand is pulling against the other, and there is just as much resistance as you have strength.

If the rope you are using is a thin one, you may find it best to take a twist of it round each hand in order to prevent it from slipping.

While pulling on the rope, concentrate the mind exclusively on the arm muscles.

The exercise should next be performed with the position of the arms reversed; that is to say, the left arm will be bent and the right one will be straight.

Repeat the exercise till the muscles ache slightly, keeping each arm straight alternately.

Now to master these movements without using apparatus at all. If you have carefully practised the exercises I have already given, you will be able to tense every arm muscle without the assistance of the rope, and simply by assuming the position and going through the movements described.

If, however, you have not yet attained this degree of control of the muscles, use in place of the rope a piece of thin string, which would break if you pulled hard upon it. Make this string go through all the efforts of hard pulling, but without allowing yourself to break the string.

Do not fall into the error of doing the exercise in a half-hearted manner; put as much force into it as you did when using the rope, but let the hands remain sufficiently far apart to prevent you from severing the string.

When you have learned to do this properly you will find it quite easy to tense up all the arm muscles and to exert all your force without using even the bit of string.

THE ROBINSON METHOD.

The style of Physical Culture practised and taught by Mr. J. Jackson Robinson, of Liverpool, is one that has many claims to the attention of every student of the science. I have examined the lessons which he sends out to his pupils, and find them to be excellent in every way. As I always maintain that every teacher of Physical Culture should do, Mr. Robinson gives special attention to the individual needs of each pupil.

A LADY ATHLETE.

Maxick and Saldo's latest surprise is presented to us in the shape of an Englishwoman who has attained a physical development which is far in advance of some Physical Culture experts themselves.

Her case was dealt with through the post, in the ordinary way, which goes to prove that their system is not only a wonderful discovery, but that it is marvellously simple.

PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS.

A. R. (Homerton).—Probably your falling off in running is due to the change in your daily routine; it takes the system some time to become accustomed to night work. By all means keep up your road running; it is the best way you can keep yourself fit for cross-country work. The dietary you follow is a sound one.

G. M. (Maddiston).—Probably you are only suffering from a touch of rheumatism, but put your mind at rest by spending eighteenpence with your local doctor.

A. H. (Bolton).—As smoking does not appear to give you pleasure or to agree with you, why keep it up? There is no harm, even to the Physical Culturist, in moderate smoking, but there are some men whom it does not suit.

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SPORTING MAKESHIFTS

WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU LACK THE NECESSARY APPARATUS.

It has often been the case that a man has found himself offered a day's sport when he was least anticipating it, and entirely unprepared. Not having the proper clothes or equipment for the purpose, he has been reluctantly obliged to decline the offer. A little thought and ingenuity, however, properly applied, might have remedied the omission, and enabled him to enjoy the pleasure unexpectedly proffered him.

For instance, I was once detained in a remote part of the country, and met in "mine inn" a friendly farmer, who offered me a day's trout-fishing in the burn that ran through his sheep-run. But I had no rod with me, and he did not possess one; there was none in the village in fact.

IMPROVISED ANGLING OUTFIT.

I had, however, a cast of flies wound round my hat, which had first attracted the farmer's attention, and led to his hospitable offer, and a broken reel with a line on it had been left behind in the inn kitchen by some visitor of the past.

To cut a withy for a rod was easy, but you cannot catch trout with a line tied to the end of a stick, unless, of course, you are a schoolboy. However, I visited the village shop, and bought some strong thread and a number of safety-pins of various sizes. The cobbler supplied me with a bit of wax, and some still stronger thread.

By straightening out the safety-pins and nipping off the ends, it was not difficult to fix them on the rod, graduating them towards the top, and producing a series of snake-rings.

The cobblers' thread bound on the antiquated winch firmly enough, and the old line led through the rings, and the cast from my hat attached, I was equipped for the expedition.

BRINGING HOME THE SPOILS.

Care was necessary, of course, in order to avoid a smash, or the loss of my only cast of flies. But the burn trout were hungry little devils, running five or six to the pound, and I had a most enjoyable day. I caught some dozen and a half, which I carried back to the inn in a woman's small market-basket, fitted for the nonce with a sling improvised from a horse-bandage borrowed from the stables.

Often one is offered a mount on a horse when one has no proper riding-breeches, boots, or leggings; and nothing can well be more uncomfortable than riding in ordinary trousers. By pulling one's socks over the bottoms of one's trousers, and with a pair of the leather straps used by navvies and other labourers buckled tightly round the leg beneath the knee, a very good substitute for riding-breeches can be improvised, not from the point of view of appearance, of course, but certainly from that of comfort.

PAPER LEGGINGS.

If one is in ordinary clothes on a wet day, and is compelled to walk through the rain or snow, an excellent substitute for leggings is to wrap a sheet of ordinary brown paper round the legs *inside* the trousers, which will keep the traveller's lower limbs perfectly dry all day.

One may be staying in some country place to which the otter-hounds pay an unexpected visit. Wading and leaping are usually necessary if one is to follow this sport, and to do either of these with safety a pole is essential. Proper otter-poles are not procurable in many places; but a good long broom-handle, with a tenpenny nail driven into one end to serve as a spike, will prove a trustworthy substitute.

A substitute for proper sheets, if one has to bring a greyhound back from coursing on a cold or a wet night, is a boy's discarded jacket turned inside out, with the sleeves cut off, buttoned at the chest, and fastened over the loins with a strip of cloth or a handkerchief. A makeshift like this may save a valuable animal's life under such circumstances.

P. THORNEYCROFT.

TACTICS IN CLINCHES

WHAT TO DO WHEN THE OTHER MAN GRIPS.

For some reason or other—whether or not it is the outcome of the "American style" I do not know—there is far less heard of the cry of "Break away there!" in the ring than used to be in the days when referees were stricter.

At one time, not so many years ago either, but before the boxing world was flooded with the "clever" Yankee and Welsh element, boxing used to be boxing—good honest hitting, either long or half-arm, but hitting. Nowadays, however, a boxing contest is more like a wrestling-bout than anything else, with the exception that the boxer can do things which in the wrestler's case would be penalised as fouls.

HOW CLINCHES OCCUR.

"The third round was fought almost entirely in clinches" is the sort of thing you will see in almost every report of a boxing contest—a state of things which shows that clinches have come to stay.

A clinch is generally the result of one man leading, missing, and then falling against his adversary and trying to prevent him from retaliating. He will very likely put his right arm against the upper part of the other's left arm, which will effectually prevent a left-lead, and hold his left ready to ward away a right hook.

The other man then brings his right foot almost into line with his left, or to be more precise, with the ball of the right about on a level with the heel of the left, and stands with his legs about a foot apart. He sinks his chin well down, tucks his head as far as possible under his opponent's chest, and jabs away with right and left, not at the face, as used to be the custom, but at whatever part of the body may offer itself.

GETTING THE ARMS INSIDE.

To do this, he must have his arms inside those of his opponent, otherwise the hits could be guarded—and it is equally the object of the other man to get *his* hands inside.

Thus we see that clinches are practically no more nor less than struggles to get one's own arms inside, and to prevent one's adversary from doing so.

It is very difficult to hit at all hard in a clinch, for you are so close that you can't straighten your arm. That is why "hooks" are pretty widely used. Say your adversary tries to swing his right to the mark, deflect his hit—it will only be a jab—with your left elbow, and, holding his own left safe from doing damage by keeping your right on the outside of it, hook the latter as hard as you can into his ribs.

Always remember, however, that a clinch is by no means an inspiring sight, and that it is viewed with considerable disfavour by the referee. So try as far as possible to get out of it quickly.

PUSHING HIM OFF.

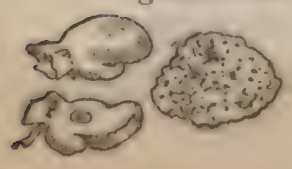
The way to do this is to get your arms inside your man's again, raise your hands to the level of his chest, and, holding them close together, push him gently but strongly away from you. I say gently, advisedly, because if you are at all rough, he may fall, and if he did the referee would not be predisposed in your favour. But it is always better to push him away, for in so doing he is bound to grab you if he wants to go on clinching, and the referee can then easily see who is the real offender.

It is difficult to see why clinches should be allowed, because they are no more nor less than holding, and holding is distinctly a breach of the rules. It is surely time that some sort of outcry should be made in the sporting Press against the flagrant disregard of the holding rule which is the spirit of present-day boxing.

If the practice were more strongly condemned by sportsmen generally, the referees would promptly put a stop to clinching, but at present it has become a sort of fashion, and the average referee is afraid to be too hard upon it, lest he should displease the spectators.

It was, at any rate, refreshing to see a bout declared "no contest" recently, because each of the men persistently ignored the referee's orders in this connection.

A. A. MILES.



BOYCOTTING THE BRITISH PLAY.

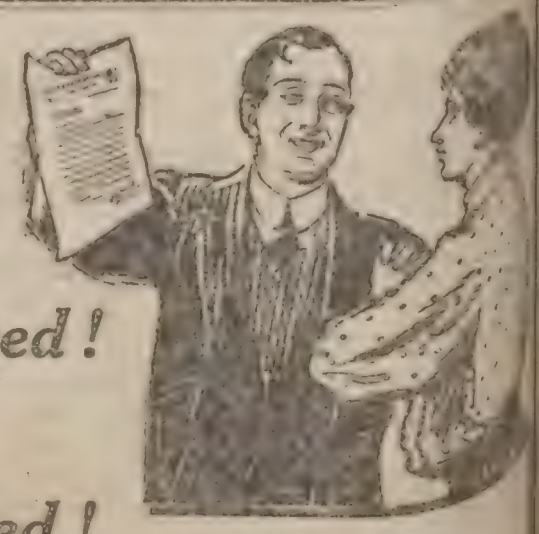
What is the matter with British managers (or s... we say British playwrights?) that the home-writ... so obviously boycotted?

We have, at the time of writing, a deplorable ... dramatist's point of view) number of plays ... London which are merely adaptations from ... writer's work.

"Kismet," the big Garrick Theatre success, is w... by a Mr. Edward Knoblauch, a name which few ... would suspect of being British. Sir John Hare is app... ing in "The Marionettes," a French play, turned ... English by Miss Gladys Unger, an American; and "... Concert," at the Duke of York's, is a German ... adapted for the English stage by a patriot called ... Dietrichstein! It is produced, by the way, by Ch... Frohman, the great American impresario.

Two musical plays which have achieved great ... are "The Count of Luxemburg" and "The Cho... Soldier." The first of these is by the Austrian com... Franz Lehar, and the second is written by Austrians, ... posed by an Austrian, and produced by a Yankee, who, ... the way, has recently glorified one of our London the... with his own name—Whitney.

Truly, the British stage—and especially the British ... wright—seems to be under a cloud.



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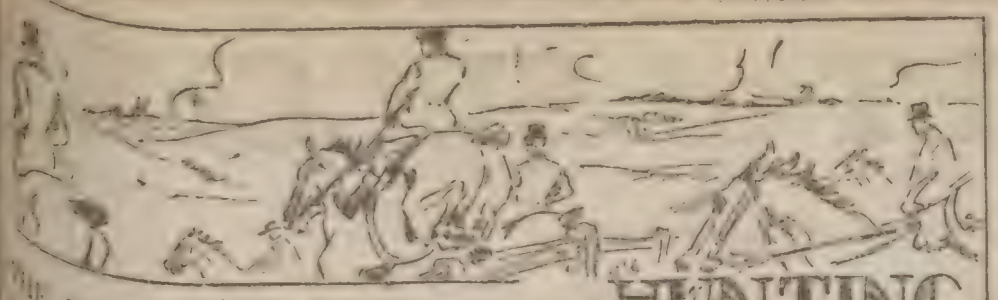

HUNTING KIT

THE PROCESS OF PUTTING IT TO RIGHTS FOR THE COMING SEASON.

With the approach of the hunting season, the man who rides or runs up to hounds begins to think of his kit—caps, hats, coats, waistcoats, breeches, boots, crops, and spurs.

It is presumed that he has had them all put away carefully at the end of last season, but, nevertheless, he must have them produced and reviewed before entering on another. Last year's "pink" may do well enough for by-days and wet weather if it has been carefully treated. The gilt buttons should have been taken out and wrapped in orange paper to prevent their getting tarnished. It is always better to have them made detachable instead of being sewn to the coat; otherwise they will always have to be cleaned with a button-stick or the cloth will be stained irretrievably.

COAT CLEANING.

Scarlet hunting-coats should, after a dirty day, be washed with soft water and a water-brush, but without soap. When washed, they should be placed on wooden shoulders and hung up to dry in a warm room. When dry the purple stains may be removed by rubbing them with one of the advertised scarlet cleansing fluids and a piece of scarlet cloth, the fluid being carefully sponged off when the stain has disappeared. Green coats do not show stains like scarlet, and should merely require brushing and drying.

Leather breeches are not now much worn, except with hack packs or on special occasions. The one-horse man prefers cords of some sort, as leathers entail an immense amount of work to keep them wearable.

They have first to be sponged clean, and that directly they are taken off, saddle-stains pumice-stoned out, and grease stains treated with white boot-top fluid. When dry they are coated with a solution of breeches-paste, washing-soda and glycerine, and allowed to dry. This should be twice repeated, after which the breeches should be well rubbed with the hands and sponged over with skim-milk in which a little paste is mixed.

FINISHING TOUCHES.

While these processes are done while the breeches are on the trees. They are now taken off, coated gradually with dragon's-blood dissolved in hot water, sprinkled with French chalk, and polished with the hands. Finally the paste is brushed out of the buttons, and the breeches dusted and put away ready for use.

I wonder many men prefer white cords, which, after washing, only require to be coated with breeches paste, dried, and well brushed out to be ready for wear.

Riding-boots must always be kept on trees, and well rubbed with the shank of a deer. A good cream or polish should be used in preference to blacking, applied with a soft brush, and polished with brushes and a soft cloth.

The tops, if white or cream in hue, must be thoroughly washed, and then treated with boot-top fluid until the stains disappear. Coloured tops must be cleaned with special fluid and pumice-stone, and then treated with a cleaning powder of the shade required. The same powder, of the right shade, may be used for boot-garters applied wet and brushed out.

MINOR HUNTING ITEMS.

Silk hunting-hats are first washed in soft water, finished with a sponge and ironed to remove twig-marks. Velvet caps should be sponged, dried, and brushed with an ordinary clothes-brush.

The white thongs of hunting-crops should be sponged with warm water and soap, and when dry coated with breeches paste put on with a soft brush. The thong may be removed from the crop, and the tip from the thong during the cleaning process. Brown leather thongs should be treated with saddle-soap and polished with a chamois or soft rag.

Hunting horns and buttons should be cleaned with a good metal polish and finished off with a soft cloth. Nickel-plated spurs may be treated in the same way, but steel spurs must be scoured with silver-sand or emery-paper.

Spur-leathers must be dried under a flat piece of lead or they will lose their shape; they should be polished on both sides.

Beagling breeches merely require washing and starching to prepare them for use. Beagling shoes should be covered with dubbin, like otter-hunting brogues.

Otter-hunting breeches, usually made of quick-drying blue or white Welsh flannel serge, should when wet and muddy be thrown into a tub of soft water and left over-night. They should then be well rung out and placed to dry out of doors.

When wanted quickly they must be dried indoors, but not in the oven. I remember once seeing a Master of Otter-Hounds, who had "lain out" at a country inn to hunt next day, dancing mad because the cook had put the only pair of breeches he had with him in the oven over-night and forgotten them when she lighted the fire in the morning.

Otter-poles will soon have to be put aside for the winter. As they are precious from containing in the notches cut on them a record of the sport enjoyed by their owners, they should be well-rubbed with olive oil, and the steel caps and shoes scoured with emery paper and thickly coated with vaseline.

L. C. R. CAMERON.

The Right To Live.

May a man kill himself? Or, though a man entreat that he be put out of his misery, is anybody—even a Doctor—justified in helping him out of existence?

Whether you answer "No" with the great majority, or "Yes" with the small minority, you will agree that every man has a right to live. Do you enjoy, to the full, this right to live? Or, feeling run down, out of sorts, below par, or positively ill, do you merely exist? To use fully your right to live, you must be strong and well every day.

I am no medicine dealer, but I know how to avoid ill-health. The cold, dull days of winter do not depress my vitality; they bring me no influenza colds, no aches, no pains. And why? Because throughout the Winter I keep my body in Summer condition by taking, in my own home, a Turkish bath regularly once a week, by means of a convenient Gem Turkish Bath Cabinet—which costs only 35/-

This bath does for me in Winter what regular exercise, open air, and sunshine do for me in summer—it gives me perfect health.

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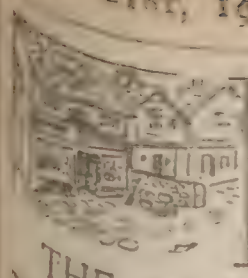

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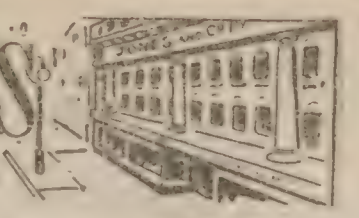

THE CLASH OF CHARACTER.

WHY A BUSINESS MAN SHOULD CONCEAL HIS PERSONAL DISLIKES.

Whenever you hear it said of a man that "he takes the trouble to make himself agreeable to anybody and everybody," you may be fairly certain that the man has a flourishing business. If he has not, he is in a fair way to have one, and he will do it a little faster than the other man.

Time and again one hears it said by business men: "I don't pretend to be pleased to see So-and-So when I really don't feel pleased. I never went out of my way to 'cultivate' anybody, and I'm not going to begin now."

Such people generally end up with a sentiment such as this: "If I cannot succeed on my merits and without carrying favour with people I don't personally care about—well, I would rather fail altogether."

Most admirable words some may say, and indeed they do suggest a determination to be quite independent of others, but they are terribly false.

It never seems to dawn on those who use them that "on my merits" includes the ability to get on with people whom one has no great wish to take to one's bosom or to one's suburban villa as an intimate friend.

One of the most difficult arts is that of sinking one's private personal characteristics of feeling when doing business.

The object of business is not to convert A from his offhand haughtiness to a more agreeable intimacy and ease. No, what you want is for A to give you an order which means an extra 30s. in your commission on Saturday. Why it matters little whether you earn that extra money as a bounder or a gentleman, so long as you maintain your self-respect.

When you go home at night you can roar to your heart's content over A's idea of what fine manners are, but you are an indifferent business man if you ever let A see what you think of him by your own manner.

There are often times when you would perhaps like to tell not only A, but everybody else, from C to Z, what you think of them, but this is not the object of your presence in the city.

If a pig came along with a good order, and with the money to pay for it, you would pretend, if you were a good business man, that you were pleased to meet him—grunt, tail and all.

That is the way to do business. E. PRENDERGAST.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the knowledge of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

MARKETS IN GENERAL.

Little real business has been done in any section of the "House" during the account just completed, and the immediate outlook does not promise much increased dealings in stocks and shares during the near future.

Those who have money to invest need not hold their hand on account, as there are plenty of bargains to be had in all markets.

The Railway traffics are still good, and whatever the outcome of the Labour Commission may be, the railway shareholders ought not to suffer, as their securities have depreciated enormously in the last few years, and with the increasing trade of the country it is only fair that they should benefit.

AMERICANS.

Prices in this market have improved very little during the week, and as the dealers who are in the habit of remaining in Shorter's Court until eight o'clock at night (when the New York Stock Exchange closes) have been "turning it up," about six o'clock, there is little immediate prospect of any violent movement in stocks.

Operators should consequently leave the market alone for the present, as the small changes in prices do not justify the risk.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL RAILS.

The Canadian Pacific meeting is over, without the promised bonus which "bulls" were looking for, and "bears" of this stock need not hesitate to continue short.

Grand Trunks can safely be bought by the speculative investor at present prices.

MINES.

On the top of the East Rand trouble comes the report that water is taking possession of the Wit Deep. Unless, therefore, operators are bold enough to sell for the fall, Kaffirs ought to be left alone.

Rhodesians and West Africans, on the contrary, ought to be bought.

RUBBER AND OIL.

There is nothing to report re the former article, and shares are a trifle lower; but oil shares are decidedly better, and the Premier Oil and Pipe Line shares ought to be cheap at 15s., as the company is continuing to pay interim dividends of 10 per cent.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

S. A. N. S. (Birmingham).—My advice is to leave the concern severely alone. It is not within the limits of common sense to believe that they should go to heavy expense in advertising in order to give you—a perfect stranger—something for nothing.

R. H. (Newbury).—All very speculative. No. 6 is the best of the lot.

T. N. (Richmond).—There is no quotation in London. Try Newcastle.

R. M. (Tonbridge).—Sell Nos. 1, 5, and 8 at best price obtainable. The others have a chance, and should be kept for higher prices. THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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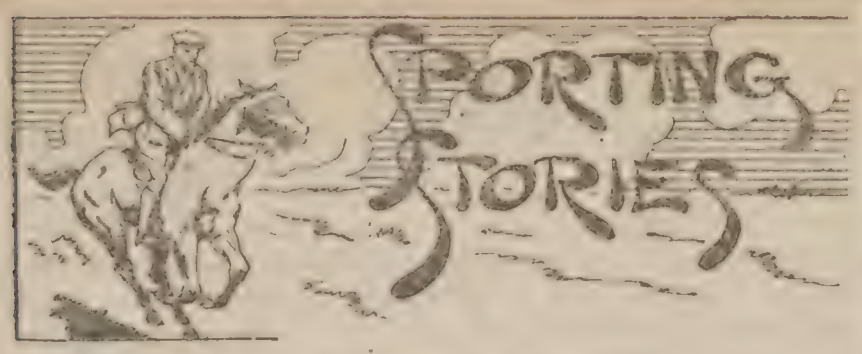

HORSES FOR BADGER-DIGGING.

A well-known City alderman with sporting pretensions but no sporting knowledge, was recently approached by the owner of a team of terriers, who requested permission to dig badgers on a small estate which the alderman had purchased in one of the home counties, with the idea of becoming a territorial as well as a financial magnate.

The permission was granted, a fixture arranged, and on the appointed day the badger-diggers with their dogs and implements arrived at the meet, where they were met by a correctly-attired groom with a couple of valuable hunters, saddled and bridled and furnished with cases containing flasks and sandwich-boxes.

In answer to inquiries the servant explained that these were Sir Moses Mainchance's first and second horses; which had been boxed from London to enable the alderman to enjoy a spin across country with the badger-hounds!

SAFE.

The little boy had gone from bad to worse, and his nurse had lost all patience with him.

"You little brat," she cried at last, "I'll spank you this very minute!"

"You can't, nursie," said the little boy.

"And why, pray?"

"Because I'm sitting on it."

THE INITIAL RETORT.

A certain would-be sportsman knows so little of the etiquette of hunting that he turns out with a well-known pack of otter-hounds dressed in puttees, and calico running drawers, which show a large expanse of bare knee.

Returning from hunting recently, he forced himself into a railway carriage with several members of the hunt correctly clad, among whom were several ladies.

With his usual bad taste he commenced to "chaff" one of these ladies on not having entered the water during the day, and referred to her as "H. H.," which he explained stood for "Hunting Humbug." The lady retorted that if it came to distinguishing initials he should in future be known as "B. K."

The sportsmen in the compartment were delighted at this retort, which the other translated as "Bare Knees," and seemed unable to appreciate the manifest enjoyment of the company.

But the Master—on alighting from the train at the junction, leaving the bare-kneed individual to continue his journey to London—was overheard to congratulate the lady on her ready wit, adding, "But I never knew you used bad language Mrs. B., and I certainly thought you could spell correctly.

HOW HE GOT DAMP.

A certain English stockbroker who rented a small moor in Perthshire during the late grouse-shooting season, was invited by a local laird to dine with him.

He accepted and the party awaited him until after the hour fixed for dinner had come and gone. It was not, indeed, until nearly an hour past the proper time that a message arrived from the stockbroker, to say that he was sorry that he could not keep his appointment, but that he had been on the hills all day and got very wet, and had gone to bed.

The company reflected that the day had been abnormally hot and sunny and that the moor in question was notoriously a dry one; so the host instructed his butler to inquire from the ghillie who had brought the message how it was that his master had managed to get wet.

The butler returned with the information that "the gentleman was only wet *inside*."

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of [illegible]. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

D. W. P. (Wanstead).—We knew Mr. Nothard's [illegible] budget for the bachelor with an income of 30s. a week would bring protests. So it has. No two men will agree as to the best way in which a limited income should be expended.

A. H. (Blackheath).—We don't propose to insert [illegible] on behalf of anybody's "friend." Let him write [illegible] himself.

E. F. J. O. (Bath).—You will have no difficulty in [illegible] this paper when you go to Hamburg.

P. C. (Hackney).—You've guessed right. The [illegible] libel and contempt of court certainly need revision.

W. L. (Shepherd's Bush).—An old dog fancier [illegible] us that there was only one sure way of getting a puppy through distemper, and that was to nurse it and pet it as you would a sick child. All the same, there is no reason why a dog should ever have distemper if you keep him away from other dogs.

C. S. (Chorley).—We know nothing of the firm you [illegible] but are making inquiries.

S. P. (Dublin).—The cost of tracing your ancestry depends on the work entailed.

W. G. (Bradford).—Our letter to you has been returned by the Post Office; the address you gave was not sufficient.

W. B. S. (Bristol), **A. W.** (Johannesburg), **W. E. H.** [illegible] (Portsmouth), **J. B. B.** (Southampton), **R. McL.** [illegible], **R. W. W.** (Croydon), **S. L. C.** (Streatham), **W. E. W.** [illegible] (Ilford), **W. M. S.** (Derby).—We thank you.

There is an additional attraction in your home for all as soon as you have a Riley's Billiard Table. Whatever size your room there is a RILEY table to fit it. Riley's Miniature Table from £3 7s. 6d. The 6ft. 4in. x 3ft. £5 5s., is suitable for most rooms. Riley's Combine Billiard and Dining Tables from £15 10s.

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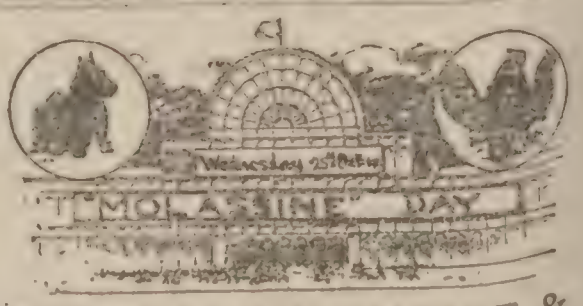

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WHICH IS THE MOST ATTRACTIVE?

Just as the follower of one particular horse likes to see its owner's colours in the van, to use the racing reporter's phrase (which does *not* mean "in the cart," by the way), so does the keen football spectator rejoice to see a line of five men in his pet club's colours swooping down unerringly on the opponent's goal.

At West Bromwich and Bolton they are very proud of "blue and white striped shirts, white knickers" and "white shirts, blue knickers" respectively, for these are the colours of the West Bromwich Albion and Bolton Wanderers F.C.'s, who have come up this season to the First Division of the English League, taking the place of Bristol City and Notts Forest, who, alas! went down last year.

POSSIBLE CONFUSION.

The colours of the last two sorrowful elevens are strangely enough "Red shirts, white knickers" in each case. Thus when they meet in the Second League competition this season, there will have to be some mutual arrangement whereby one team will renounce its colours for once.

By the way, white shirts and blue knickers seem to be a very favourite combination among football clubs. It is, as we have shown above, the colour of the Bolton Wanderers, and another team who use the same colours is Bury. By the way, it will be remembered that when Bury played the Corinthians for a charity some years ago, there was some difficulty about the colours, for the great amateur team wear the same combination, too. The trouble was settled, however, by one of the teams wearing blue shirts and white knickers instead, on that occasion.

A big London club that uses white shirts and blue knickers, by the way, is Tottenham Hotspurs.

NOT ALIKE.

In the two divisions of the English League, strangely enough, there are six teams who wear red shirts and white knickers. They are:

Division I.—Liverpool, Manchester United, Middlesbrough, and Woolwich Arsenal.

Division II.—Bristol City and Notts Forest.

The colours of London's big football clubs, in their various leagues are:

First League.—Tottenham Hotspur (white shirts, blue knickers), and Woolwich Arsenal (red shirts and white knickers).

Division II.—Chelsea (light blue and blue knickers), Clapton Orient (white shirts, blue knickers), and Fulham (white shirts, black knickers).

Southern League.—Brentford (blue and gold, and generally white knickers), Crystal Palace (cardinal and blue, also usually with white knickers), Leyton (white jerseys, and blue knickers), Millwall (blue, and white knickers), New Brompton (black stripes), Queen's Park Rangers (green stripes), and West Ham United (red, white, and blue).

WATFORD AND FULHAM.

By the way, the colours of Watford, which, I suppose, may be called a London club, are white shirts and black knickers, the same as those of Fulham. These two will not clash this season at any rate (unless the clubs are drawn in the Cup Ties), for, of course, Fulham is in the Second Division of the English League, and Watford in the Southern League.

One of the prettiest colours possessed by our professional football teams is Bradford City's (First League), to wit, claret and amber shirts. These are run pretty close, however, by Bradford (a Second League team, which should not be confounded with the "City"), whose colours are red, amber, and black.

A great many footballers have all kinds of quaint superstitions in the matter of colours. They take a partiality to those of one team they are playing for, and then on being transferred, they will very often regret having to change them for others.

An instance of this was afforded by a player who had at one time belonged to Blackpool, and who liked that club's red shirt. He was transferred to a well-known London club (I mustn't name it, or *ipso facto*, I shall name the player). Well, he would never take the field unless he had his old Blackpool red shirt under his new club's. If he did he felt sure his side would lose. He did leave it off by mistake one day, and, sure enough, the team went down by two goals to one.

GEORGE MESTON.

RICHARD T. BOOTH.

Many readers will learn with pleasure that Mr. R. T. Booth, the well-known temperance advocate and founder of the Blue Ribbon Army, is returning to England after an absence of many years. It is his intention to take up permanent residence here, and to devote the remainder of his life to extending the use of the wonderful treatment for breathing troubles, which he discovered in Australia.

Many will remember that his career was cut short by the attack of bronchial catarrh and threatened consumption, which, in the opinion of the late Sir Andrew Clark, bade fair to rob him of his life. Fortunately, his going to Australia resulted in him finding a cure (which he named Hyomei) for his trouble, and to-day he is, in spite of his declining years, quite a vigorous, hale, and healthy man, full of enthusiasm and energy.

In an interview he said: "For the past few years I have done my best by correspondence and advice to spread the knowledge and use of Hyomei in this country, but now I am about to institute a vigorous campaign against troubles of the respiratory organs."

Mr. Booth has altered but little since he was last in this country. Any of our readers who would like to have a cabinet-photograph of Mr. Booth as he is to-day can obtain one from The R. T. Booth Co., 498, Roycroft House, 96, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

FOOTBALL.

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Lotinga's Weekly, on October 14th, says:—"White, Fisher, and Co., the world's premier Football Accountants, are undoubtedly one of the most up-to-date firms of modern times."

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THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

GUANTLET CUFFS ON OVERCOATS.

I have already mentioned that fashionable suits this autumn and winter are not being fitted with gauntlet cuffs on the jackets, but gauntlet cuffs will still remain as popular as ever on overcoats.

When you come to think it out—and there is much reasonableness in fashion, after all—it is quite sensible that gauntlet cuffs should be abolished in the case of jackets that are to be worn with overcoats, because, owing to the added thickness of material, there is not room for them inside the sleeves of the overcoat unless they are crumpled up.

Gauntlet cuffs on the overcoat itself, on the other hand, are often of practical use.

If you are out in a really severe rain storm, and are wearing an overcoat with gauntlet cuffs you can turn them down over your hands and keep your gloves from getting soaked. Gloves that will withstand heavy rain are extremely difficult to find.

STORING PLACES FOR TICKETS.

While talking of gauntlet cuffs on the overcoat, I may be excused for mentioning another little point. It is, that many men use these cuffs for storing away their tram and 'bus tickets, as this prevents them from having to open their coats to reach an inside pocket.

So far good, but at the end of the journey, you should make sure that you have removed the ticket from the gauntlet cuff. It is no unusual thing to see a man with a tram ticket sticking half way out of his cuff.

The limit in this direction was, I think, reached by a man I noticed the other day in a restaurant. He had pushed his tram ticket into the turn-up of the bottom of his trousers, and had forgotten all about it; and there he was, walking about with the ticket sticking at the side of his boot.

He was, of course, blissfully unconscious of the fact, which made it all the more funny.

DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKETS.

I have been asked by several readers whether double-breasted jackets will be the thing for lounge suits this winter season.

They will certainly be fashionable as a winter garment, as they give additional warmth just where the cold is liable to be felt when you open your overcoat.

Single-breasted jackets will, however, be equally correct, and in most cases they are the more becoming, for you must remember that the two rows of buttons on a double-breasted jacket make a man look shorter and broader than he is.

As most of us want to look as tall as Nature has made us, a single-breasted jacket is usually to be preferred, but the double-breasted one is always the best for a man who is rather too tall and thin.

WIDTH OF WELTS.

I should like to draw your attention to one point in the selection of winter foot-gear—namely, the width of the welts, which is the name given to that part of the sole which projects round the edge of the boot.

In the case of heavy winter boots, it always looks well to have the welt wide, particularly, for some reason or another, if you are going to wear these boots with leggings.

But here I must voice a word of warning, and it is, contradictorily enough, that boots in which you are going to do much riding should not have the welt over wide. The reason is that stirrups are not made very wide, and if you are riding with boots that have wide welts, your foot is liable to get stuck in the stirrup, and in the event of accident, you may be dragged.

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It is not a bad plan to have your suit or Overcoat treated by our unique process two or three times during the winter season, as you will find that our method of renovating clothes not only improves the appearance of the Suit or Overcoat, but increases the length of its life.
To-day is a good time to send off the Suit or Overcoat, with a Postal Order for 3s. 6d.
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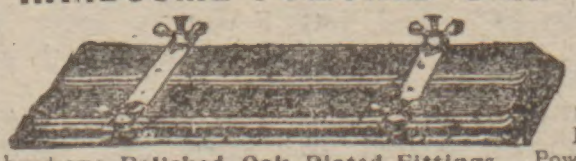

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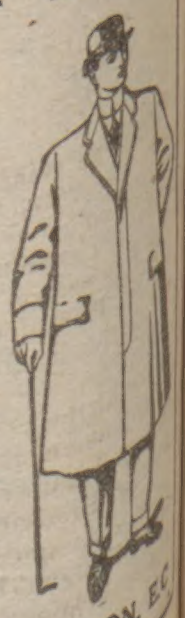

as much care is taken with the inside of the garments as with the outside. You don't see the work, but it is there. That is why a "McKinley" Suit keeps its shape and is wearable long after those made by other firms who don't take such pains have been discarded.

We use only genuine Scotch and English materials, employ only expert London cutters and tailors, and guarantee perfection of fit, style and workmanship. Yet our prices are far below those of other firms. Booklet "MN" will tell you how we do it. Send for it to-day.

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Carriage paid; no extras. We guarantee to refund your money in full if we fail to fit you perfectly and give you complete satisfaction.

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C. & G. McKINLEY, Tailoring Specialists,
Tailoring Dept., 7, GRESHAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Hundreds of men, however, wear gaiters without having occasion to use them on horseback, and to them I should recommend boots with fairly wide welts, as they look best.

A wide, thick welt is not necessarily a proof that the sole is also stout, but it gives to the boots a substantial, comfortable appearance that is to be desired. A muddy pair of stout boots still look respectable, but a muddy pair of thin ones always look shabby, even though they are new.

CLOTH FOR BREECHES.

A great many tailors endeavour to persuade their customers when having a sporting suit made to have the breeches of the same material as the jacket and vest.

I do not know much about the business side of a tailor's work, but the exercise of his persuasive powers in this direction may be due to his being able to use up a whole suit length in making the breeches of the same stuff, instead of cutting into two sets of material.

Personally, I do not like to see riding breeches made of the same stuff as the jacket, for the reason that such breeches look unworkmanlike. Ordinary tweed, such as is suitable for jackets, is not suitable for breeches that you are going to do much riding in.

It is, I know, commonly asserted that the only part of riding breeches where extra wear and tear is involved is on the inside of the knees, and as the garment is usually strapped with buckskin there, the argument is that it does not matter very much whether the material of the breeches be specially strong or only ordinary tweed.

The argument is false, because wear and tear occurs not only inside the knees, but inside the legs right up to the fork. This wear and tear is not due so much to the friction of the saddle when you are riding as to the rubbing of the two sides of the breeches when you are walking.

Breeches being cut very full at the thighs, there always will be a certain amount of friction between one leg and the other as you move about in them, and for that reason, the material of your breeches should be of tough stuff, such as Bedford cord or whipcord.

Breeches made of the same material as the jacket always give one the impression that they were never intended to be ridden in, but were meant for motor-cycling, or something of that kind.

BOOT TABS.

What should be done with the cloth tab at the back of one's boots?

Some men let it stick out, and some tie it carefully down with that part of the lace which goes round the ankle, but the only right thing to do is to tuck it neatly inside the boot.

It is then quite out of the way, and does not catch on the bottom of the trousers. Moreover, it is neater to have it hidden in this manner, and little points of neatness count much in a man's general appearance.

SHOOTING CAPES.

One of the most useful garments you can possibly have for country wear is a roomy shooting cape.

As it is scarcely possible to wear such a thing in the town, few men know what a shooting cape looks like, except from the illustrations from the tailors' catalogues, and, as these capes are usually represented as being made of very loud check cloth, the impression is not a very favourable one, being rather reminiscent of the pictures of lady golfers in comic papers.

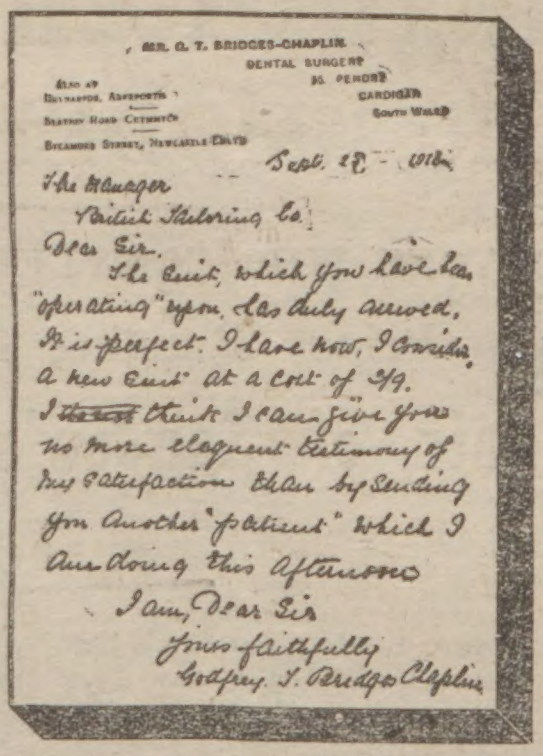
That, however, is the fault of the tailors' artist, and not of the shooting cape, for, if well cut, it is not only a most comfortable garment, but also an extremely good-looking one.

A good tailor will run you to about 50s. or three guineas for making a shooting cape, but it will last you a lifetime.

It should reach to the calves of your legs, and it should be very full, so that there is no tendency on the part of the front to open when you walk along swinging your arms.

Such a cape gives perfect freedom for shooting and other sports where you require freedom of arm movement, and it also forms an ideal covering when you are on horseback, as it keeps not only your legs dry, but prevents the rain getting on to the saddle.

—and what think you of this?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I am, Dear Sir
Yours faithfully
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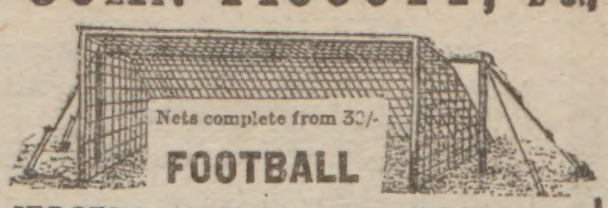

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For Seven Days' Trial.

To secure a pair of Sandow's Famous Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells for seven days' free home trial, and full particulars of the most wonderful competition ever announced, which is open to every MODERN MAN reader to enter without entrance fee, and in which every boy, youth, man, girl, and woman who completes will receive a Prize, as announced above, it is only necessary to fill in and forward the coupon below as directed.

With every pair of Dumb-Bells is also sent Two Charts of Exercises, one showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, the other showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, woman or girl, together with hints on how, when, and where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information, by following which every reader can not only prove his or her strength and general physique, but likewise safeguard and improve the health.

These Charts have been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of Dumb-Bells.

If, after using these Dumb-Bells for Seven Days free, you decide to keep them, send us a deposit of 2s. 6d., and promise to pay the remainder of the price at the rate of 2s. 6d. per month, which only means the small sum of One Penny per Day.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells are now acknowledged to be the most perfect physical Appliance ever invented, and hundreds of thousands of pairs are in daily use in every country on the face of the earth. They are equally suitable for the delicate and strong; their resistance can be adjusted to the strength of the weakest, and increased as occasion arises. They are a complete Physical Culture Outfit for use in the home by any person at any age.

Simple Conditions of Remarkable Competition Now Available.

The user of Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells quickly becomes as "fit as a fiddle" and as "strong as a lion," graceful in proportions, and dignified in carriage. You can put three inches on your chest measurement, and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the Grip Dumb-Bells a few minutes a day for three months.

There is nothing to pay to secure the Dumb-Bells; there is no entrance fee to the competition in which everyone is able to secure a prize.

Don't delay; fill in the form below and forward at once.

Room 39, Sandow Hall, Bury Street, W.C.

Date.....1911.

Gentlemen,—Please send me one pair* of your Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... ... **12s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 18 and upwards.

Youths' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 14 to 18.

Ladies' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 16 and upwards.

This order is given on condition that, after Seven Days' *Free Trial*, should I decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, I may return them immediately direct to Sandow Hall, and no charge whatsoever will be made.

FREE TRIAL.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

*Please Cross out Sizes not required.

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